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Agnes Scott

ALUMNAE QUARTERLY

Dear Mom... So Far
It's Wonderful page 6



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THE Agnes Scott

FALL 1959 Vol. 38, No. 4
ALUMNAE QUARTERLY

Ann Worthy Johnson, *Editor*

Dorothy Weakley, *Assistant Editor*

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COVER:

Gayle Rowe '61, Richmond, Virginia, studies amidst falling leaves beside Presser Hall. *Photograph by Charles Pugh.*
Frontispiece (*opposite*): This shot of Investiture begins a series this year on Agnes Scott traditions. *Photograph by Kerr Studios.*

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MEMBER OF AMERICAN ALUMNI COUNCIL



MISS CARRIE SCANDRETT CAPS A SENIOR IN THE TRADITIONAL OBSERVANCE OF THE INVESTITURE CEREMONY

Playwright's Progress



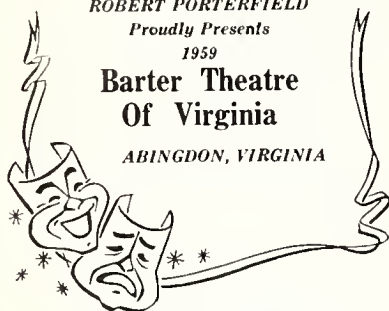
ROBERT PORTERFIELD

Proudly Presents

1959

**Barter Theatre
Of Virginia**

ABINGDON, VIRGINIA



**WORLD PREMIERE
VOICE OF THE WHIRLWIND**

by Pat Hale

with

Mitch Ryan, Virginia James, William Corrie
Mon. June 29 thru Thurs. July 2

GIGI

Fri. July 3 thru Sat. July 4

CYRANO DE BERGERAC

by Edmond Rostand

with Mitch Ryan

A World Wide Success

Mon. July 6 thru Sat. July 11

Others To Be Announced

Handbill of premiere production of
Voice of the Whirlwind

Editor's Note: We asked Pat Hale to write an article about her current play or about being a playwright. She has done both in this article. Pat has an option for an off-Broadway production of "Whirlwind" this season—and asks us all to keep our fingers crossed. She is currently in Abingdon, Virginia, at the Barter Theatre, "ghostwriting" Robert Porterfield's autobiography.

PLAYWRIGHTS are very popular people, in the abstract. To be a Young Novelist nowadays is a tedious platitude, and it is a monotonous cliché to be a Young Poet, but a Young Dramatist, is somehow, refreshing, original, even a little bit less unnecessary than his colleagues. *Everybody*, from the highest-paid stagehand to the lowest-paid actor, knows that What Our Theatre Needs Today Is More Good Playwrights. Actors love us. (Is there a part in it for me?) So do directors, costume mistresses, scenic designers and lighting technicians, because the playwright, second only to the producer, creates jobs in the theatre. Committees are formed to give us a hearing, like The New Dramatists Committee. Off-Broadway beckons us with low-budget productions of avant-garde masterpieces. Lately the Fords have taken us up, with Foundation to subsidize us. As a playwright, one is bewailed in the breach, be-laureled by mass meetings, and even allowed to wax pompous in alumnae quarterlies.

Eventually, however, all this lovely attention demands that one come forward with three acts of a script. Eventually, one does. Everyone is curiously disappointed. They had expected, somehow, a full-blown genius. Not getting it, they turn upon us in anger and disillusion. Why can't we be eloquent and true-to-life and Write Big and build proper second act climaxes and turn out exciting, contemporary, sexy, theatrical, commercial, angry, star-vehicle Hits? Why are there so many bad plays in circulation? What This Country Needs Is More Good Playwrights. Piles of our unsolicited manuscripts collect dust upon the desks of agents and pro-

ducers. Off-Broadway does revivals of bad Elizabethan melodramas with sufficiently lurid titles rather than risk their \$15,000 or \$20,000 on the untried work of an unknown playwright. The New Dramatist Committee limits its membership to 25. The Fords, turns out, are only interested in playwrights with a couple of professional productions in their background. And on Broadway, everybody knows, requires a Name. The ladder of success appears to have several rungs missing.

In spite of our well-advertised plight in America, I cannot in realism envy my European colleagues. Europe is a magnificent continent for playgoing. But its very mass of classical culture must prove an oppressive weight to the young dramatist. When I was in England I saw, within one week, two plays directed by Douglas Seale, one of Britain's eminent directors. One was Shakespeare's *King John*, at the Stratford Memorial Theatre. The other was a new play, *Lizard on the Rock*, done at Birmingham's Repertory Theatre. *King John* was brilliantly produced, with sumptuous settings and costumes, and world-wide excitement. Everybody was pretty happy that Shakespeare (in his apprentice period, God help him, at the time of King John) came through as well as he did. It was terribly Early Shakespeare, to be sure, but how wonderful of the Old Boy to provide us the excuse for such a spectacular production!

Lizard On The Rock, it seemed to me, had many of the faults of *King John*—turgid, lengthy dialogue, bombasticism, inept jumps from scene to idea. Yet it had, I thought, the same things that made *King John* exciting—interesting people in m-

Pat Hale, left, discusses her play with Dot Camp (another young playwright) and Robert Porterfield, managing director.

By Pat Hale '55

ments charged with stress, and a vibrant sense of theatricality. It was weakly produced and seems to have been ignored. What This Country Needs Is More Good Playwrights.

As a practicing playwright I resent the overworked Shakespearean Analogy. "Shakespeare wrote two masterpieces a year; why does it take you so long?" The Tennessee Williams' analogy is bad enough. Nevertheless, I am tempted to make one point. Shakespeare had an opportunity to see produced early plays that were awkward, inept, and, if my First Folio serves me correctly, occasionally boring. Why can't I? He got better. Maybe I will too. I will defend passionately the right of the new dramatist to write a bad first play. And if this first play, or second or third or fourth or fifth, has interesting people doing interesting things in a theatrical way, I defend his right to have it produced—inept, pretentious, over-ambitious, awkward or ever obscure though it may be. Playwriting is a difficult, specialized art form, a painstakingly acquired craft, and there is no course or textbook half so good as a bored matinee audience.

My agent was trying to market "Voice of the Whirlwind" among the off-Broadway producers in New York last winter. He had little success. An original script is hard to sell, because an off-Broadway producer would rather do a revival unless he can discover a new Tennessee Williams. And, said my agent, someday he must be told that he won't. To create a new Tennessee Williams takes directors, theatres, actors, producers and, above all, audiences. Providing them may be expensive, and it may be embarrassing, but it is unquestionably

necessary, that is, if the theatre is genuinely serious about bringing to blossom all its budding young playwrights.

Actually, I have been luckier than most. The first thirty years in theatre, they tell me, are the hardest, and though I still have nearly twenty-six to go, I've had two full-length plays produced and several television scripts. I started writing when I was seven, but I was a junior at Agnes Scott when I first realized I was destined to be lost to the theatre. During a playwriting course with Miss Roberta Winter I wrote three one-act plays, and then one of them, "Words Without Knowledge," was produced. I was so exhilarated by the dramatic impact, the excitement and immediacy, the sheer sense of theatricality, of this new mode of writing, that I knew I never wanted to be any-

thing but a playwright. So I sat down and wrote to Mr. Robert Porterfield, founding director of the Barter Theatre of Virginia. Shakespeare and Moliere and Ibsen, said I, had become great playwrights because they had great theatres for which to work and write. As an aspiring dramatist, I wanted such a workshop. How about the Barter Theatre?

Being one of the great and gallant gentlemen of the theatre, Mr. Porterfield replied with a letter which I still cherish. "Eugene O'Neill said if you want to write for the theatre, pick up a hammer and join one. I want to give you that opportunity. Bring your hammer." I brought my hammer, and I got my name on the program as Resident Playwright. I swept the stage, painted scenery,

Continued on Page 13

There are moments when an actor becomes no longer an alien but a collaborator.



Photographs by Patterson Photo Service

The full cast of *Voice of the Whirlwind* takes a bow.



Dear Mather

FOR THOSE of you who want statistics, here are a few on Agnes Scott's new students as of September, 1954, when the College began its seventy-first academic session. There are 207 young women who are having their first experience of Agnes Scott this year; 198 of them are Freshmen, 4 transferred from other colleges, 3 are classified as "specials"—not in the degree program of the College. They came from 19 states in the nation and from China, Venezuela, the Belgian Congo, Germany and France: those from the last three are Americans. The 207 new students form almost one-third of a total student body of 647. Approximately one-third of the Freshmen live in Inman Hall, one-third in Rebekah Scott Hall and one-third in "Main." Most alumnae will recall living in one dormitory as freshmen with their classmates: today, freshmen live with juniors and seniors in several dormitories. A member of the Department of Students' staff lives in each dormitory; her title as she serves in this capacity is Senior Resident. Each freshman has a Junior Sponsor and a Sophomore Helper and each is soon assigned to a Faculty Advisor.

"Dear, dear, Mother,

I am awful sorry not to have written but you know what it's like..."

*"I've seen Miss Scandrett
(Mama, she said give
you her love)..."*

*"...and when I talked to
Dr. Alston he knew all
about me!..."*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
JIM BRANTLEY



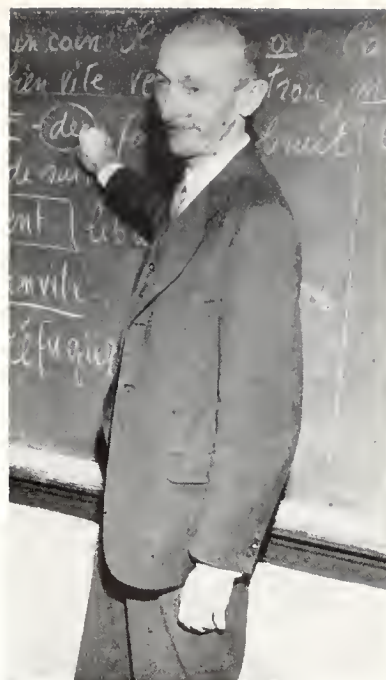
far I Love it...



... started getting books today... may be lucky and spend less than we'd planned..."

What these statistics cannot tell about new students are things that are basic to the kind of education Agnes Scott offers: the kind of person the new student is herself, reflecting the careful, thoughtful, difficult process of selectivity which the Committee on Admissions engages in constantly, and the way in which the numberless resources of the College are brought together for freshmen during their first days, in a program known by the rather cold term "orientation." There is surely nothing even cool about this program. The warmth of all the people who make up the college community embraces the new student as she takes tentative first steps on the campus and carries her through the seemingly intricate processes of registration and course selection, the impact of first classes, the constant encounters with persons new to her. This experience lays good groundwork for the new student's whole career at Agnes Scott. It is reflected best in the letters freshmen write home during their first weeks at Agnes Scott, and would that we might print some of these. Shining through the few we've been privileged to read this fall is a true image of the College being passed on to mother and father. The worries that get home via the mails seem to be typical of freshmen anywhere: spending too much money, bedspreads which don't match curtains the roommate brought. The delights that get home seem unique to Agnes Scott's kind of education.

"... and the first Sat. night at the ASC-Jech dance, I met a boy named Skip..."



"My French teacher, Monsieur Thomas, has a bubbling personality..."





The YOUNG INTELLECTUAL

*For young or old, the intellectual
life, informed with heart
and conscience, promises the
most for women in today's world.*

By Hollis Edens

LET ME ASSURE you that I am fully conscious of being honored myself today as I share the spirit of this important day with the students. Agnes Scott College stands for much that is meaningful in higher education today. Those whom she asks to share her platforms are always honored.

I want to address myself briefly to a subject that is increasingly important these days, the role of the intellectual in our modern America. It is fitting to dwell on this topic here because of the lively intellectual climate of this college. Equally important, today I must assume that I am addressing the young intellectuals of this institution. You are being honored primarily for one quality which you have demonstrated—intellectual excellence—perhaps the one laurel an educational institution, above all institutions, can claim as its peculiar prerogative. It is true that we honor long and faithful service in our colleges; we do not forget generous donors, nor should we; and sometimes we even honor college presidents who have survived. But primarily we seek out and reward the ability to reason, to doubt and to ponder. To me, then, you are young intellectuals and I will not quibble with those who prefer a more precise definition. It is important, however, to discern the difference between intelligent and intellectual. You are intelligent through no effort of your own. It requires conscious effort to be an intellectual. A merely intelligent woman may be satisfied with surface answers and with the techniques and formulas to facilitate the comforts of living. The intellectual

is concerned first with the dimensions of the mind, with creative thought, with noble ideas, with the enrichment of our cultural heritage. The intellectual who sets for herself the task of looking at her world clearly and trying to understand it often will find herself peering in the mist over the bow of the ship, while the rest of the passengers are playing bridge on the stern unconcerned with the progress or direction of the ship.

Most of you who choose to accept that label may have two minds about it. Before you came to college some of you were courted and sought after in a fashion that would have been unheard of a generation ago. After you came some of you received further attention in the form of special placement, independent study programs and the like. Now you are enjoying a few more rewards. So to some of you the whole pattern has been pleasant and not relaxing—at least as you see it with one part of your mind.

Lonely Life

Doubtless, you have pondered deeply about all of this special attention and some of you may have occasionally wondered, is it worth it all? You recall that you had to pay a price, not only in the time and the self-denial required to discipline and properly use your minds, but socially as well. As far back as high school you may have labored under another label—to some of your casual classmates you were a "brain." Indeed, even

on this campus you may have found resentment mixed with admiration for your academic success. In short, you may have wondered if it really is worth it. You may have asked, isn't it a lonely life being an intellectual?

For a large part the intellectual pilgrimage of the young student is one of loneliness. Seeking authentic answers to the mind's questions about the universe, striving courageously to enlarge the vision, uncomfortably ventilating and sometimes blowing away comfortable beliefs do not invite convivial company. It takes courage to change, to be different, and sometimes you will wish terribly to return to the simpler and more familiar truths. But the mind cannot go back. Disciplined intelligence will find its true integrity only in moving from the negative to the positive, in venturing into the unknown, in trying to answer the questions that have always plagued men's minds. Such questions as, what is the common denominator of men's minds, what do men and women want most at all times and in all places and conditions? The intellectual seeks a point of eminence from which to view such questions, a point which transcends the local and the present and views in perspective the universality and timelessness of truth. Such point of eminence is rarely attained while attending a political rally, at a cabin party on Saturday night or in watching a majorette at the head of a marching band, however enjoyable such sights and experiences may be. I suspect it will continue to be a bit lonely being an intellectual.

Impecunious Life

It has been suggested that the intellectual is not only lonely but also impecunious, that knowledge and insight are pursued for their own sake and that they have seldom been financially rewarded. This point of view has been encouraged by the oft repeated toast, "Here's to scholarship and may it never be of any use to anyone." Indeed the tradition is so firmly established that the salaries of college personnel have only rarely violated it—although here are signs that the informed public is beginning to understand that it is not necessary to be poorly paid to be an intellectual.

Aside from the question of material rewards, or the lack of them, there is a genuine thrill for the individual who responds to the excitement of intellectual competition, who enjoys engaging in creative conversation, who is conscious of being intellectually awake. There is something to be said for the excitement of the game itself. The real intellectual, like an athlete, is at his best when he is flexing his muscles, and like the athlete he cannot break training without damage to himself. Traditionally the daily exercises take place on a field of debate and discussion. You know the rules of the game. It is not the slugging match of the dormitory where discussion is conducted at the top of one's voice; it is always characterized by the participant's willingness to say quietly "I don't know." To the keen player the game has endless pleasures, perhaps because no one ever really wins. In fact, the game never ends.

Before we wrap the cool wisp of snobbery about your row and retire to the intellectual parlors for genteel discussions, let us take a further look. It is heady business admiring your own halo. Is it too much to suggest to

the young intellectual that her honors and her thrills cannot be enjoyed apart from certain responsibilities? This may sound like the monotonous refrain of a commencement address. Yet, I must remind myself and you that some things are repeated, however monotonously, because they are true. Perhaps responsibility weighs more heavily upon all of us now because our problems seem so complex and are shared on such a world-wide basis. We have had a vivid example of this in the recent visit of the Soviet Premier. Responsibility, though sometimes a wearisome word, remains with us whether we like it or not.

Responsible Role

If you will permit a personal reference, I recall that during my undergraduate days I was frequently baffled by the repeated injunction to be responsible. It reminded me of my earlier years of childhood when I was told, all too often I thought, to be good. In later years I have learned how difficult it is to define the responsible role of the student leader, especially the intellectual leader, on a college campus. And sometimes I have had sympathy for the complaint of students who have been asked too often to confine their criticism to the "constructive" variety. I suspect that sometimes they were right when they replied that this may be another way of saying "criticize but do not offend, do not suggest any change, do not rock the boat." It is hard to be a young intellectual and to believe you have discovered a segment of virgin truth and then be restrained from giving it to the world. Older intellectuals by and large have made the rules and they are good ones. They operate under a mandate to investigate fully, to bring *understanding* as well as criticism to bear upon human problems. The reservations they have in permitting the same rules to apply to young minds center on the word *mature*, and this has no reference to chronological age but to a state of mind. Let me illustrate. The young intellectual who has prepared carefully a research paper representing the best thought of a semester's work is likely to present the judgment of a mature mind. Much time and thought and weighing of evidence have gone into the production. All

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About the Author

Dr. Edens is president of Duke University in Durham, North Carolina. This article is his Honors Day address at Agnes Scott, given October 7. Dr. Edens, a graduate of Emory University (where he and Agnes Scott's President Alston were students together), holds graduate degrees from both Harvard and Emory Universities. He is also a former vice-chancellor of the University of Georgia, and a member of President Eisenhower's U.S. Advisory Commission on Educational Exchange.



Dr. Edens

too often, however, the same student in a letter to the student newspaper may dispose of the knotty problems in college administration or state affairs on the basis of a few minutes' reflection. In such an instance we have the right to insist that responsibility cannot be slipped on and off like a fall coat.

The exhilaration of being an intellectual may lead into another pitfall. If the accumulation of knowledge and the ability to reason do not inevitably produce good judgment, neither do they inevitably produce personal initiative. Not long ago a student complained to me that he was not being sufficiently challenged in one of his classes. He possessed high intellectual potential and had been told as much from time to time. But it is fair to state that his attitude was "well, here I am. I have brought my mind to your campus. What are you going to do about it?" I think we were trying to do a great deal about it but we needed his help. He had not confided his boredom to his instructor, from whom he could have received special help, advanced reading lists and the stimulation of personal discussion. Indeed, the student had even failed to explore the stacks in the library. I repeat that the obligation of the intellectual is to use his own mind as well as the minds of his associates. Personal initiative, then, is an ingredient which must go into the making of a young intellectual.

Human Experience

This line of reasoning leads to the conclusion that the young intellectual must break away from the isolation in which she finds herself. To understand our society one must range widely through its bypaths and have a grasp of the ways of all of its inhabitants. It is possible for the young intellectual, enraptured by the heights she occupies, to associate only with other exotic birds and observe life at a great distance below her. If the intellect needs exercise it also savors contrast and challenge. I think that both are available on most campuses, but they also exist far from the academic world. It is sometimes a surprise to us to find lively and profound minds quietly struggling with ideas in the strangest places, completely unaware that we academics are carrying the world on our shoulders. If one is to learn to like as well as serve the masses, he will gather his data from the broad base of human experience.

It would be folly to ignore the laboratory of a swiftly changing new world. Need I more than suggest its material advances? Not long ago a group of writers helped *Fortune* magazine celebrate its twenty-fifth anniversary by preparing a series of essays about the technological advances we may expect in the next twenty-five years. After noting the gains of the last century (which encompassed more technical and scientific achievement than in the previous thousand years), they confidently predicted a future of spiraling wonders. The age of nuclear power for a peaceable civilization is upon us. Born in war and baptized in the fires of destruction, it is being shaped for constructive purposes. They tell us that atomic batteries for peaceful use will be commonplace by 1980. Small atomic generators will be installed in homes for a lifetime of use without recharging. Gas, coal and oil will

then be devoted to chemical wonders. The sun, the tide, and the winds will be harnessed beyond present expectations. The briny waters of the ocean will be purified to make the waste areas of the earth blossom and new food and chemical products will come from the seas. Ever-guided missiles and pilotless planes will carry peacetime loads in transcontinental flight. Electronic machines will compute, remember and record in the routine jobs now handled by people. Atomic equipment will take out more of the drudgery. Innovations will change the methods of doing things and new products will call for new techniques and new brainpower to supervise. In summary, there is no element of material progress we know today that will not seem as a mere prelude to 1980 when we reach that date.

Now this rhapsody of progress contains some somber notes, not the least of which is, who is to manage this new world? The demand for mental competence will be vastly enlarged in the next twenty-five years. Is it too much to expect, then, that we shall increasingly single out the intellectual in our society and put such scarce abilities to work in the right places. It is hardly necessary to point out the advantages that are likely to accrue to those who hold talents that will continue to be in short supply.

Finally, I should like to impose upon the intellectual the responsibility to be concerned with character and with the development of heart as well as mind. Actually by definition she is expected to deal with ethical questions. She is expected to ask, What is good? What is lasting and what is ephemeral? One who wishes to develop a broad education is never far from moral stability, civic responsibility and social competence. I believe that we must be concerned with these things in a society that seems to have less time to devote to them. In her preoccupation with intellectual competence, she who believes in reason must ask, to what is this competence directed? If this is preaching, let it be so. I do not retreat from my point.

Intellect and Character

I am reinforced in this view by the judgment of others who have tried to examine the relationship between intellect and character. Just recently, a study was undertaken to discover what qualities in different colleges contribute to the development of student character. A mass of data and conjecture was collected. I was most impressed by the "major conclusion" that was reached namely: "that the conditions conducive to the development of character are in many ways the same ones which are conducive to good teaching and sound learning." Indeed, intellectual excellence and force of character were found, again and again, to be "inextricably interwoven in the truly educated man."

In conclusion, then, I would like to recall with you the words of William Jewett Tucker, written half a century ago:

"Be not content with the commonplace in character any more than with the commonplace in ambition or intellectual attainment. Do not expect that you will make any lasting or very strong impression on the world through intellectual power without the use of an equal amount of conscience and heart."



Thomas Stone, technician, in the Oak Ridge Institute of Nuclear Studies' mobile radioisotope laboratory parked by Agnes Scott's Science Hall.

OAK RIDGE COMES TO AGNES SCOTT

By Edwina Davis Christian '46

IGHT STUDENTS and four teachers at Agnes Scott College are taking one of the first off-the-premises courses in the uses of radioisotopes offered by the Oak Ridge Institute of Nuclear Studies.

The institute's mobile radioisotopes laboratory is parked behind the Science Hall on the Agnes Scott College campus. It is the focal point of a two-week course being taught by scientists from the institute. They are Drs. T. Overman, Adrian Dahl, Elizabeth Rona, H. K. Ezell, Thomas Stone, Lee Bowman and Lowell Muse.

The laboratory is a 30-foot, bus type vehicle equipped with laboratory sinks, air conditioning and a power generator. The scientists and technicians conduct laboratory sessions in the vehicle and give lectures in an Agnes Scott classroom.

Radioisotopes—the subject under study—are by-products of the atomic energy process.

"They have opened up new avenues of investigation in every field of scientific endeavor," Dr. William J. Frierson, chairman of the College's chemistry department,

said. He referred to their use as "tracers" of various substances and activities in the body.

Agnes Scott is one of two Southern colleges—the other is Wofford College—selected for the initial program. Dr. Frierson said he understands the course will be evaluated after the first two schools have been visited.

Faculty members taking the course are Dr. W. A. Calder, professor of physics and astronomy; Dr. Julia Gary, assistant professor of chemistry; Miss Nancy Groseclose, assistant professor of biology, and Miss Anne Salyerds, instructor in biology.

Students are Dorreth Doan, Becky Evans, Myra Glasure, Kathryn John, Charlotte King, Warnell Neal, Nancy Patterson and Martha Young. All the students are seniors majoring in science.

Editor's Note: This article is reprinted by permission from *The Atlanta Journal* of November 5, 1959. Edwina is a science writer for the *Journal*.

PRIZE-WINNING POETS

Three alumnae poets speak to us in varying idioms -- and win prizes

"Smiley" Williams Stoffel '44 won the 1959 Society Prize of the North Carolina Poetry Society with this poem which has been published in The Presbyterian Survey.



THE LONGING FOR GOD

Break upon me, O Thou Mighty Sea!
Sweep in great waves across this empty shore;
With driving, surging fierce intensity
Pulse with great power till I can bear no more.
Upon these burning sands let ocean flow,
This narrow shore be swallowed up in Thee,
By Thy eternal vastness let it know
The crushing weight of Thy immensity.
Leave no alternative to full submission.
No bit of shore untouched by swelling tide
Let every weight force from me full contrition
Till everything but Thee is swept aside.
This arid shore waits, hungry for the sea,
O let it again be overcome by Thee.

Betty Williams Stoffel

CEREMONY

I promised you to come when full spring made
Majestic shade
Of your encircling trees
And roses rioted on trellises
And garden wall.
In mind's forward flash I saw all these
And felt the welcome, — ceremonial,
Unhurried, bountiful.

At last on this translucent day
Of bloom-abundant May,
I walk on velvet grass, look up at skies
Loved by your eyes.
And I, impoverished beyond belief,
Stand beside you at an opened door
Where you never were before.
Reception is now for you, abrupt and brief.

At last, at last I am come. —
But to our most ancient home.

Jane Newman Preston



Jane Newman Preston '21 is the winner of the Society Prize of the Poetry Society of Georgia for 1959. Her poem is re-published by permission from the Society's Yearbook.

THE MESSENGERS

All day each day crisp manila envelopes
freckle Madison Avenue and cross-town buses,
convey the bright ideas, rush proofs of the bright run
worlds of magazine, network and agency. Most
of the mercuries are thin legged boys with foolish smiles
or shiny cuffed old men with old-country speech
or feet-dragging cripples with tragic faces —
incongruity surpassing metaphors.

Yet a little sorrow of my own tags at the heels
of the messengers and the mockery
they hug to their ribs all unknowing.
I think how each day my proofs and messages
of love reach you by like ambassadors:
help that is frail, that comes on tardy feet,
and words that do not mirror the beauty
they are asked to take.

Marybeth Little Weston

Marybeth Little Weston '48's poem won second prize in the 1957 Village Voice Poetry Contest in New York City.



ulled the curtain, played a Roman soldier in "Julius Caesar," and washed innumerable cocktail glasses for a production of "The Cocktail Party." Also, I wrote plays.

Along about the third play, I entered a contest. The Woodrow Wilson Centennial Celebration Commission, sponsored by the United States government and the State of Virginia, wanted a play based on the life of Woodrow Wilson. Delving into the subject, I found that Woodrow Wilson, far from being dishwater dull, was a man of deep passions and intense dreams, whose life, more than any other figure of recent times, fit the pattern of the tragic hero. I wrote "Hall of Mirrors" about the aliant, doomed struggle which he waged for peace during the year 1919. The Woodrow Wilson award, which I won, was production of my play and \$750. On my passport I listed playwright as my occupation and went to Europe.

The Play Itself

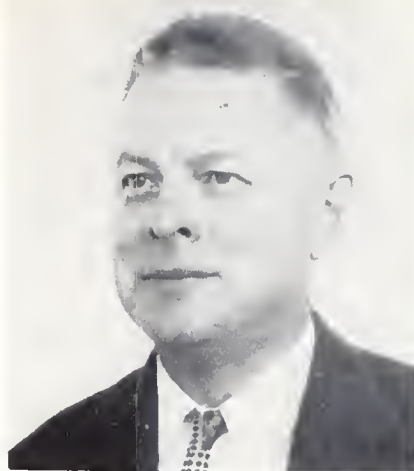
By the time I got back I had another play. "Words Without Knowledge," the play which inspired my initial plunge into grease paint, had fermented and grown in my mind into three acts, with new characters, new scenes and events, and a new title—"Voice of the Whirlwind." The basic situation is still there, for this is a play which has always been close to my heart. It is a play about the turmoil stirred up in the family of Joel Andrews, a country preacher, and his community when Sunday Jackson, a fiery, faith-healing revivalist, pitches his tent in the West Virginia mountain town and tries to pass a miracle. I was eager to see it staged from the time I first heard it read in a playwriting class. One April morning I went over to the Astor Hotel to have breakfast with Mr. Porterfield, who was in New York for the week, and read the play aloud to him. He was interested, and wrote later for additional scripts, so that it was the following winter before the play was put on his schedule. Finally, in June of this summer, "Voice of the Whirlwind" became

my second full-length play to go into production at the Barter Theatre.

It is supposed to be a pretty big thrill for a writer to see live actors with real eyes that open and close get up on a stage and recite his words. For me, the happiest time comes when I am creating my plays in the theatre of my imagination. Then I can project and cast them to my heart's desire, choosing among Henry Irving and David Garrick and Ethel Merman. (Will Kempe is currently taking the role of Uncle Sam in my new comedy, "Uncle Sam's Cabin." He is marvelous.) It is frightening to relinquish to strangers the children of one's fancy; painful to be forced to expound and justify their every word, and uncover the secret springs with a banal line of explanation. ("Hey, Will, what's the line on this fellow, Hamlet? Naw, nothing fancy, just a sentence or two, something for the newspaper boys.") Actors and directors are an infuriating and endearing people. They have a deplorable tendency to think they know more about your play and how to write it than you do, but then they turn around and do something so marvelous and right and unexpected that you forgive them everything. There are wonderful moments in rehearsal when an actor's imagination leaps with yours and he becomes no longer an alien but a collaborator.

Playwright and Audience

But the great thrill of production, for me at least, is the audience. During and after the run of "Whirlwind" I was tremendously excited by the response I had aroused in people. Out of their sense of deep concern, hot disagreement, sympathy, identification or dissatisfaction, they talked and wrote to me, apologizing as strangers for their intrusion. But they were not strangers. No one for whom Sunday Jackson and Joel Andrews and Woodrow Wilson have taken on reality and importance through me, no one with whom I have shared my concern for their lives and destinies, is a stranger to me. Within the theatre, they have become my friends. This is a playwright's greatest joy—to discover and create friends, out of his fierce, unbearable passion for communication, in our crowded, lonely universe.



Dr. Calder

DR. CALDER DISCUSSES RACE FOR THE MOON

Why do scientists want to go to the moon? Only fifteen years ago, during World War II, Dr. William A. Calder, professor of physics and astronomy, was doing work concerned with developing torpedoes that would destroy submarines. In his work, he wished, as he often said: "If only all of the energy and time that is being consumed in this project could be directed toward research in astronomy rather than in weapons to destroy mankind."

This wish seemed in the realm of impossibility. "That is why today, in this race for the moon," Dr. Calder commented in a chapel talk, "I can't complain; it's what I wished for, so we might as well all enjoy the race."

After discussing some areas of scientific knowledge that could be expanded by direct study of the moon, Dr. Calder said:

"Today this contest between us and the Russians is so unbelievable as compared to the types of scientific contest in the last war. It is too good to be true that brains and facilities are being used for pure science. There is an honest exchange of scientific ideas and information between the Russian and American scientists. The scientists are not going to start a war. In fact, if we are not able to obtain world stability through religion and morals perhaps communication in scientific matters could be a means to this end."



Worthy Notes...

"New Looks" Mark Several Spots on Campus this Fall

ATE IN AUGUST there was a fear in the minds of some of us who are year-rounders on the campus that the doors of the College might not be able to open for Agnes Scott's seventy-first session. P. J. Rogers, Jr., whose title as Business Manager does not even remotely explain his many functions and services for this campus, suffered a heart attack and just now, in late October, is in his office again for two hours a day. His staff, and many others, proved to have firm shoulders, in lieu of Mr. Rogers' ever stalwart ones, and the doors did get open in time.

There are a few new looks on the campus which Mr. Rogers and his staff had completed this summer. The old kitchen space in the rear wing of Rebekah Scott Hall has been renovated for administrative offices, with a new entrance portico, and the parking lot adjacent to this has been paved and landscaped. This whole effort has made for a pleasant feeling of space as one drives into the campus on Buttrick Drive.

The house on College Place long occupied by two members of the faculty, Miss Harn and Miss Omwake, has been practically rebuilt this summer to accommodate eight students. Miss Harn and Miss Omwake purchased the house in Decatur last year and moved into their own home during the summer. Also renovated for use as a student cottage was East Lawn: this venerable old house could stand one more face-lifting—how many times has it been done in its many years? Most recently it had been used to house the department of education.

For returning students, perhaps the great change in campus buildings this summer was what happened to the east wing of Rebekah Scott. In campus parlance we still use the term, even though 'tis anachronistic, "date parlor." There are several new, small date parlors now in this wing of Rebekah, brightly painted and furnished, and across the rear end of the wing are several booths and kitchen facilities. Also, President and Mrs. Alston converted the basement area of their home this summer into an informal and cozy recreation room which promises many good hours for students as they visit the Alstons.

The Alumnae House has new furniture and new inhabitants this fall. Four students are housed here for the fall term; this is not easy living for them, in rooms

planned for transient occupancy, but ever resourceful, they manage to create closet space literally out of thin air.

The new look in the Alumnae Office is addressing equipment which to me and Dorothy Weakley is very precious. We spent a great portion of the summer months redoing almost 10,000 records on alumnae in preparation for using the new equipment, part of which has an electronic brain, and our only problem now is that we have just human brains and have to learn to feed the electronic one properly. The equipment was purchased with funds of both the Alumnae Association and the College, and other administrative offices on the campus use it, too.

A major area in which it will be of immeasurable help is in serving the four regional vice-presidents of the Alumnae Association as they serve individual alumnae and alumnae clubs in their territories, which are set according to alumnae population. Let me commend to each of you the work that these four alumnae are carrying forward in your behalf. They are a fresh link between you and the College. Let me also make one plea for them: this time, instead of for money, it is for some of your reading time. They and the alumnae office staff will try to keep you not only informed but abreast of happenings in several areas of the College's life, but this must be done primarily by the written word reaching you. You will be hearing from them.

You will also receive the four issues of *The Quarterly* this year, beginning with this, the fall issue. The magazine won a national award for 1959, an honorable mention for featured articles, from the American Alumni Council, and I received this with joy. There are some news items about the College which you should know and which do not properly belong in a magazine article; the Office of Public Relations is planning to issue two Agnes Scott Newsletters this year, the first of which will reach you after Christmas. You have already been mailed a copy of Dr. Alston's report to the Board of Trustees for 1959 and a copy of the 1959-60 Alumnae Fund brochure, so.

Happy Agnes Scott reading this year.

Ann Worthy Johnson '38



CLASS SCHOLARSHIP TROPHY

EACH YEAR on Honor's Day the Class Scholarship Trophy is awarded to the class with the highest academic average in comparison to the three preceding classes of the same level.

The trophy was given by the 1956-57 chapter of Mortar Board for the purpose of encouraging high scholastic attainment within the classes.

The Class of 1960 won the cup for the first two years and this year the Class of 1961 was honored.

WINTER 1960

3812

Agnes Scott

OF COLLEGE OF ARTS AND SCIENCES



**What Can Chaucer
Say To Us Today?**

See page 4



THE Agnes Scott

WINTER 1960 Vol. 38, No. 1
ALUMNAE QUARTERLY

Ann Worthy Johnson, *Editor*

Dorothy Weakley, *Assistant Editor*

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COVER :

Designed by John Stuart McKenzie from line drawings of Chaucerian characters by Paula Wilson '61. Frontispiece (*opposite*): A winter quarter tradition at Agnes Scott is the visit of Poet Robert Frost. This photograph is a national prize winner by Charles Pugh.

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MEMBER OF AMERICAN ALUMNI COUNCIL



POET ROBERT FROST MADE HIS NINETEENTH ANNUAL VISIT TO AGNES SCOTT IN JANUARY

CHAUCE

IN

OUR

TIME



THE SQUIRE

CONSIDERATIONS of immediate interest to us as teachers of literature and of significance to us simply as human beings have made me want to share with you some of my growing convictions about Chaucer, about the teaching of Chaucer in our schools, about our individual reading of him for our own personal pleasure, about the neglect to which his poetry is sometimes subjected, and the reasons for this neglect, and most of all, about why we cannot now of all times allow this neglect to continue. Let me say here that I am aware of how strange it must sound to you that I should be recommending as especially meaningful to our time the words of a medieval poet, even one of the excellence and reputation of Chaucer. No time ever seemed more removed from that ancient age of the fourteenth century than does our own, and this is the very excuse given for the merely token sophomore smattering of Chaucer's poetry, offered often in translation, or for the frequent omission from the current undergraduate college curriculum of a course in Chaucer. What could a poet of so remote and barbaric an age offer men of the twentieth century? The stigma of barbarism, of superstition, of ignorance still enshrouds the medieval poet. What he has to say

is considered out of date and relevant.

There are, of course, very real differences between Chaucer's age and our own, but that these differences can be emphasized out of all proportion is also true. For, the differences are not so much in kind as they are in degree. The fourteenth century, like the twentieth, was a time of great political, social, and economic upheaval. Long-established institutions were crumbling; new forms of authority were pushing those religious aside. England had had a purely agrarian economy, with the exception of the few small towns controlled by the guild-merchants. Prices had long been low, fixed by the guilds; barter still existed in rural areas where goods were usually exchanged for services. Population had remained fixed within the manorial and feudal system, the serfs bound to their lords and the aristocracy bound to the fiefs. Government had been localized in the manor, fief or shire; economic pursuits were very much limited to the working of the land and attendant services rendered the lord of the manor, to the few artisan skills controlled by the guilds, and to military services. The tempo of life for many centuries had been slow, with nothing to disturb the social and economic structure except occasional wars.

*The differences in Chaucer's age and ours are in kind
rather than in degree. Here is a delightful analogy
of the two eras and a fresh appraisal
of that eternally amazing woman, The Wife of Bath.*

By Margaret W. Pepperdene

ILLUSTRATIONS BY PAULA WILSON '61

But early in the fourteenth century, the forces of change, germinating since the crusades, began to disturb the whole economic, political, and social structure of life. By Chaucer's time the population had begun to drift from the land to the towns; plague and war were forcing the farmer from his land; the rise of commerce, following upon the crusading period, had given birth to a new class society, the merchant-trader, who dealt in hard cash, whose primary economic motive was profit, and who demanded from the king protection from feudal entanglements and in return supported the centralizing power of the monarchy with hard cash; the lords began to lose their control over manufactured products; the nobility was no longer necessary to a king who could now pay hired troops, began to lose its restraining power on the monarchy and to find local government slipping from its control. Men of all classes and occupations were being divorced from their old ways of life, from their old loyalties and results; the feudal system fell away before a powerful monarchy; agriculture changed radically, losing its economic power to commerce; and money replaced land as the economic basis of the society. With the shifting of population and the breakdown of traditional institutions came skepticism

and immorality; the Christian Church, weakened by poor leadership and itself affected by the changing social structure, became a target for criticism; England's Hundred Years War with France, begun to give added prestige to the monarchy and to exploit the incipient ideals of nationalism, increased the tempo of life, the atmosphere of uncertainty, and created a price spiral which might be said to dwarf our twentieth century spectacle of inflation.

The great struggle between adherents of the old feudal order and those of the newly centralized monarchy might easily compare with the struggles in our own century between democracy and totalitarianism; the great economic eruption—the population movement from the land to the towns and the growth of a new urban class—was proportionately

identical to the urban movement of our century and the struggles of organized labor for legal recognition; the rise of the merchant-trader was at least similar to the rise of the industrial barons of the last century, and perhaps even to the rise of large-scale industry and the squeezing out of small, independent business; the Hundred Years War produced a tension and social disruption comparable to our own century of hot and cold wars. New weapons of warfare, made use of at Poitiers and Agincourt, probably altered warfare as much in their day as the airplane and atomic bomb have done in our own. Moral degeneration follows in the path of such changes in any age. Skepticism with regard to traditional religious beliefs characterized the

(Continued on Page 6)

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Mrs. Pepperdene, known to her friends as Jane, is making a special place for herself on the campus as an associate professor of English. She holds the B.S. degree from Louisiana State University and the M.A. and Ph.D. degrees from Vanderbilt University. At Agnes Scott she teaches freshman and sophomore English courses plus, for upperclass-students, courses in Chaucer and Old English. This article has been edited from an address she made in April, 1959, to a meeting of the Mid-South Association of Independent Schools in Atlanta. For her reactions to Agnes Scott, see her article published in the Winter, 1958, *Alumnae Quarterly* "Impressions of Agnes Scott."



Mrs. Pepperdene



THE CLERK

nineteenth and early twentieth century in much the same way it did in Chaucer's time, if we substitute in modern times the attitude toward Biblical authority in place of, in Chaucer's time, the attitude toward the authority of the Church.

Although I have over-simplified the matter for purposes of comparison, I do not think there has been any serious distortion. Certainly Chaucer's world was in as great a state of turmoil as our own. Even though the events themselves were very different, and the ages widely separated in time and in distance, both the fourteenth and the twentieth are centuries of noisy conflict; each has its world-shaking crises, and men of both centuries are shaken by the turmoil surrounding them.

THIS BACKWARD LOOK at the age of Chaucer perhaps has served to dispel some of the remoteness many of us have felt in approaching the fourteenth century poet. And it is important that this sense of separation be recognized, met, and dealt with, for it is only in so doing that distortions are set straight, misunderstandings cleared up, perspective regained. It serves, too, to suggest to us that the usual reason for omitting Chaucer from the curriculum of our schools or from our own personal reading may be no good reason at all. But, more important, this look at the fourteenth century has suggested to us that instead of ignoring Chaucer, we might have good reason to turn to him; for, since we share with him an age of tension and strife, he might speak to us in a particularly meaningful way. When we come to him on these terms, we discover how basic our need for him, for his vision of the world and of man, really is. We come face to face with our dangerous modern habit of measuring all truths, all values, all realities in terms of man. We realize that we have lost our historical sense, that we do not any longer concern ourselves seriously with the ultimate destiny of mankind. We see in tragic relief our preoccupation with the relationship of man

to the world and time he is living in to the importance of the achievement of man, of his physical well-being, of his conquest of nature—as if man were simply one of many equal natural forces striving for supremacy in the natural world. We see how, in our worry about the problems of men, we have forgotten the problem of man. Especially do we understand more clearly the tragic plight of the modern poet: his struggle against capitulation to all the forces around him which would have him turn his eyes to the scrutiny of mundane man which would have him turn analysis and which would limit and obscure his horizons of knowledge. We see the responsibility of the poet to continue to see in a world which has lost the capacity for seeing. No one has put this obligation of the modern poet more clearly before us than has Professor Robert Jordan in a recent article in the *Sewanee Review*. Speaking of this loss of vision in our time of the failure of the philosopher to fulfill his traditional role as the one who seeks to know “what is”, “the things that are”, “all things”, and of his tendency in our time to become one who scrutinizes, subjects to close inspection and then fixes boundaries to what is real and hence to what will be seen, Professor Jordan states that the poet must replace the philosopher as agent for the restoration of that vision which has been lost. The poet's task, he says,

...is to teach us to see, and I mean to restore a capacity for seeing. It is a task uniquely the poet's in our time. No amount of inversion can ever eliminate it entirely from poetry without entirely eliminating poetry. In the bleakest moments the poetry keeps breaking through. This is the ground of our assurance that vision will not utterly perish. And if one thinks of poetry in its natural alliance with the other poetic arts, the poetic task, may be understood as a protreptic task—one that embraces the elements of conversion and exhortation, as in the Socratic mission. For what is most needed now is a conversion, a “turning toward” objective being. Nothing didactic is wanted or needed except the natural attraction of the poet's objectified vision, which is a kind of invitation and indirect exhortation to love and to praise. And this demands no turning back to commitments either “classical”, “scholastic” or “romantic”. I am speaking not of a time or a place

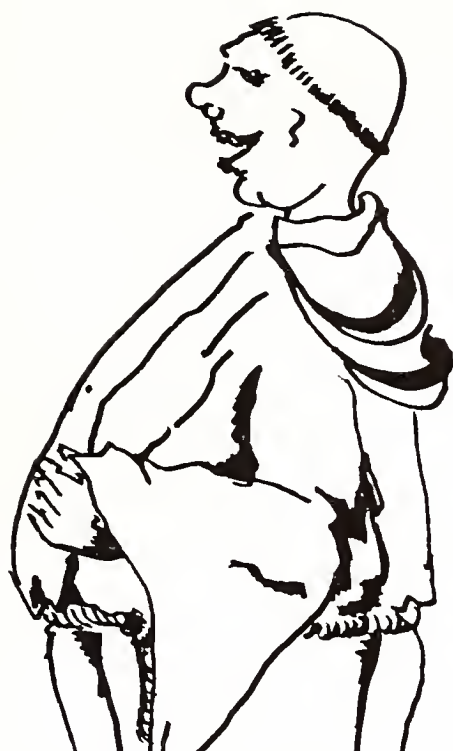
or a doctrine, but of an *act*, and one which bears upon the full dimension of human nature. It is not bound to a culture but is found wherever man is found and is the reason there can be culture and tradition at all. Having been abandoned by the other disciplines, it is in the poet's keeping.

A poet cannot allow himself to be embroiled in the crises of men but must seek to discover what is the crisis of man. He must search out the meaning in all the manifestations of reality that present themselves to men. Thus, may men be instructed to his large vision. Robert Frost, a bulwark against forces of disorder in our own time, in his current published interview with John Ciardi, speaks directly to our point:

A poem is a momentary stay against confusion. Each poem clarifies something. But then you've got to do it again. You can't get clarified to stay so; so let you not think that. In a way, it's like nothing more than blowing smoke rings. Making little poems encourages a man to see that there is shapeliness in the world. A poem is an arrest of disorder.

CHAUCEER, both because he was living in a time as socially disordered as our own, and because he sees man, not in the disorder of his mundanity but in the order of his divinity, is a poet particularly important to our modern need for vision. For Chaucer is concerned not with those things which happen to men but with the essential value and the dignity of the human being. This sense of the dignity of man, of his central and pivotal place in the whole order of created being, breathes in all of Chaucer's poetry. It gives to the men and women who move through his poems that complexity, that extra-dimensional quality, that informs all human life and experience. It accounts for that special characteristic of Chaucer, the detachment with which he deals with the world he presents us, his willingness to set before us saints and scoundrels alike, neither exalting the former nor indicting the latter. Out of the complex of his own experience, charged in the heat of his powerful imagination, he has brought these people and these situations into

being. He is their maker, but once made, they move themselves; they are not manipulated. They work out their own destinies in terms of that which they know themselves to be and what they hope they can become. It is not that Chaucer does not care about their failures, not that he condones their sins; not that he looks indulgently on their foibles, nor that he endorses their vices or virtues; it is that ultimately he cares too much to tamper with that which they are.



THE MONK

Nowhere in all of Chaucer's poetry is this vision of man, of his capacities in the complex of his limitations, more apparent than in the *Canterbury Tales*, and in no member of that pilgrimage is this vision more effectively revealed than in his creation of the Wife of Bath, whom Kittredge called "one of the most amazing characters . . . the brain of man has ever conceived." There is no better way to see how meaningfully Chaucer can speak to us than by looking with attention at this extraordinary woman.

We have our first glimpse of the Wife of Bath in the *General Prologue*. Chaucer, the pilgrim-narrator, tells us

that he had taken lodgings on the first night of his journey to the shrine of Thomas à Becket at the Tabard Inn, and that in the relaxed atmosphere of that hostelry he has had the good fortune to meet up with and be taken into the company of pilgrims bound for Canterbury. In the surroundings of informality and conviviality, induced by the comfortable accommodations, good food, and excited anticipation of the journey-proud travelers, the pilgrim Chaucer has a chance to get acquainted with his fellow travelers. It is not hard to imagine him moving from one pilgrim to another, or from one group to another, saying just enough to keep them talking, heeding their speech, their mannerisms, noting their affectations and afflictions, surmising their prejudices, discovering their occupations, taking in even the minute details of their dress. Nor is it difficult to see him later that night sketching out these first impressions which he presents to us as a sort of *dramatis personae* to his drama of the pilgrimage. And a tantalizing cast of characters he gives us: a veteran knight just come from a foreign campaign, and his son, the handsome, fashionably dressed young squire, "as fressh as is the month of May;" a genteel and courtly prioress; a worldly monk, "ful fat and in good poynt;" a wanton, if charming, friar whose "eyen twynkled in his heed aryght/ As doon the sterres in the frosty nyght;" an unscrupulous merchant; a clerk, hungry-looking and poorly clad; a wealthy, class-conscious franklin; a rough sailor; a doctor, prospering from his nefarious dealings with his apothecaries and the fees he collected during the plague; and, a wife of Bath. Even in all this rich fare, the reader stops to savor this last delicacy. The pilgrim Chaucer's first encounter with this woman that night at the Tabard must have been something he would not soon forget, and his portrait of her is a masterpiece of restraint and controlled statement, with the animal exuberance of the Wife everywhere straining for release. How this woman loves to talk! The pilgrim

Chaucer has to make no effort to draw her out, as he would, say, the parson, the merchant or even the monk. For, "wel koude she laughe and carpe." She is from "biside Bathe", from a small clothmaking community just outside the walls of the town and in the parish of St. Michael-without-the-north-Gate; and she makes immediately clear to Chaucer, and to any of the other pilgrims within earshot, that she is a clothmaker whose professional skill surpasses that of the famous weavers of Flanders. Whether for her talents as a clothmaker, for her fame in other activities later to be revealed, or simply from the force of her powerful personality, she has taken unto herself a position of importance in her community: in church no one dare precede her to the offering. Woe be to anyone who should presume! She lets it be known, too, that she is familiar with more than just the simple provincial life in her small town, and that this is not the *only* pilgrimage she has ever been on—a boast doubtless intended to intimidate those less knowledgeable members of the company and to assert her position in this new gathering. She has made all the best tours of the times: to Galicia, Bologna, Cologne, Rome and three times to Jerusalem. Variety has marked other aspects of her life, too. She has had five husbands, and, lest anyone think therein lies a limit to her attraction for men, "oother compaigne in youthe." Indeed, most of her talk that first evening at the Tabard, as later on the pilgrimage, must have centered on love, and specifically on her own love life which she was not reluctant to reveal to even the most casual acquaintance. Chaucer finishes off his portrait of her as if in summary: "For she koude of that art [of love] the olde daunce." And while the Wife laughed and talked of her travels and her loves, Chaucer took in the salient features of her appearance and of her dress. She is a large, heavily built, coarse-looking woman, bold of face and ruddy of hue. Her most marked physical features are her gap-teeth and her deaf-

ness. If other aspects of her character have not already suggested to us the sensuousness of her nature, her gap-teeth would do so, for physiognomists of that day regarded this physical characteristic as a sign of boldness, gluttony, and lasciviousness; and the Wife herself, as she reveals later in her own prologue, connects this feature directly with her amorous nature. In dress, the Wife is a fashion designer's nightmare. From the broad buckler of a hat to her fine scarlet hose, she is the most colorful, the most conspicuous pilgrim of them all.

OUR FIRST impression of the Wife shows her to be all of a piece, seemingly a very simple, uncomplex person, a hearty, bold, garrulous woman, frank in her revelations about herself, fierce in her sense of competition with others, whether the challenge be in cloth-making or in lovemaking. She is boisterous, coarse, even vulgar, but powerfully attractive to people around her, clearly someone never to be overlooked, more likely someone to whom people will flock, a center for noisy, if sometimes bawdy, good fun.

We do not see the Wife again until after the pilgrimage has got well underway—in fact not until it is over halfway to Canterbury. Under the governance of that jovial master of ceremonies and aspiring literary critic, Harry Baillie, the pilgrims have been matching stories in competition for the free dinner promised the best story-teller at the Tabard Inn when the pilgrimage is over. The Knight has told his tale of Palamon and Arcite, a struggle between love and friendship played out against a background of the aristocratic world of medieval chivalry; those delightful rogues, the Miller, the Reeve and the Cook, have turned the story-telling fest into a men's smoker with their bawdy, if amusing, *fabliaux*; the Man of Law and the Prioress have moved the company to tears with the touching stories of Constance and of the "litel clergeon;" the Monk has put his audience to sleep with the weary recital of his tragedies; and the Nun's Priest has roused their

sagging spirits with his delightful account of Chauntecleer and Pertelote. It is the morning of the third day out. The company has now achieved that easy familiarity with one another which marks the relationship of those thrown for a short time into close physical proximity. Cut momentarily from their other commitments, temporarily uprooted from their normal pattern of life and the role which they have made for themselves in it, they have allowed themselves a freedom and an intimacy with one another which ordinarily they would deny even to their closest friends. This is the intimacy of shipboard, the sense of isolation of mid-ocean. The Host calls on the Wife of Bath. The drama of the pilgrimage comes sharply into focus. The topic which will absorb the pilgrims, which will give to the storytelling its own momentum is about to be introduced. And we are about to learn more of the Wife.

She does not go immediately to her story. Instead much to her fellow pilgrims' delight (as well as to ours), she regales the company with her experiences in love and marriage all to the point that happiness in marriage depends directly on the wife's being the head of the house. The Wife is indeed "a noble prechour in this cas", for she speaks from the experience of having mastered five husbands, and these experiences she frankly shares with her listeners. Those of her audience who would hold what are to her fallacious notions about marriage, that is, that God has commanded a person to marry but once, or that God has ordered man to lead a celibate life, she silences with arguments from Scripture that God has not forbidden bigamy, or octagamy either; and that God could never have commanded all men to celibacy, else He would be countermanding his original order to "wexe and multiply" and more important, He would be cutting off forever the source of supply for virgins. The Wife admits her admiration for those who would seek this thorny path to heaven, for those who would live perfectly, but she

lds, "lordynges, by youre leve, that n nat I!" These arguments against the institution of marriage itself out of the way, the Wife turns to her main topic, the tribulation that is in marriage for incorrigible husbands who will not bend to the will of their wives. And what a source of information she is on this subject! She begins by describing her life with her first three husbands and her methods to get them in hand. No longer can we remember any one of them distinctly, so she lumps them all together: they were old, and rich, and good—good because they were rich and old and because they offered but feeble resistance to her efforts to control them. She had mastered them by her constant nagging, by her merciless scolding, and by refusing to submit to their amorous attentions until they agreed to give her what she wanted—a free hand in running the marriage and possession of all their worldly goods. She spends but little time telling of her fourth husband, who gave her no end of trouble and anguish. He had kept a paramour, and he seems to have spent a good part of his time in London; but she claims to have made him jealous with her own "wanderings by the way." That she made him jealous we might doubt; that she wandered by the way, there is no question, for while he was in London one Lent she potted the attractive young clerk, Jankyn, and spent the early spring months setting her cap for him. When her fourth husband accommodatingly died soon thereafter, she was prepared for her fifth trip to the altar. The Wife, you can imagine, was always prepared for any eventuality, but for none more so than for the demise of a present husband—as she would say, "I holde a mouseserte nat worth a leek/ That hath outoon hole for to sterte to."

JANKYN THE CLERK seems to have been the hardest of all her husbands to bring to subjection, but she must have loved him the most. He was twenty and she forty when they married—and there is the inevitable comparison to be made

between the life that Jankyn led her, and the life she had led her three old husbands, for this time the shoe was on the other foot. At any rate, the Wife and Jankyn had a stormy time of it for awhile. He beat her and took delight in reading to her by the hour from an anti-feminist anthology about wives who brought ruin upon their husbands. One night the situation reached the breaking point. Jankyn had been reading to her about the havoc wrought by Eve, about Clytemnestra's unfaithfulness to Agamemnon, about the way Livia and Lucilia poisoned their husbands and of countless other deeds of wicked wives. The Wife could take no more. She reached over, tore three pages out of his book, and pushed him into the fire. He retaliated by giving her such a box on the ear that she fell unconscious to the floor. Thinking she was dead, Jankyn prepared to flee, but the good Wife came to in time to prevent this catastrophe. Contrite, he knelt down to her, and she, taking advantage of his position and recent fright, made him swear to her his willingness to be ruled by her. He acquiesced, and she had him where she wanted him.

With the account of her fifth marriage the Wife's "long preamble of a tale" ends. Even our sketchy presen-



When Paula Wilson '61 took Mrs. Pepperdine's course in Chaucer, she put her image of the Wife of Bath in sculpture. Paula is an art major and did the line drawings for this article.

tation of this prologue has suggested that our original impression of her from the narrator's portrait in the *General Prologue* is correct. She has shown herself to be just the frankly sensuous, coarsely belligerent, crudely attractive person we had heard about. Yet, there are hints of greater complexity to her character to be got from her candid address to the pilgrims, and the implications to be drawn from such hints she would not necessarily want to reveal or even be aware that she was revealing. For instance, she tells us that she was born under the conjunctive influence of the planets Venus and Mars, and to that circumstance of her birth she attributes her near uncontrollable amorousness, an attribution with which no medieval astrologer would quarrel. However, we can draw from this revelation something else. We can see it as suggesting a tension, a conflict of emotions, a warring of desires within the Wife which we had not been aware of before. Some years ago Root discerned what he called a certain melancholy tone in the Wife's prologue. "She is 'haunted'," he said, "with a vague suspicion that . . . her way of life is not the right way." He gave no reason for this melancholy other than to imply that her immoral life had made her sad and to note that approaching old age had increased this sadness. I would agree that there is an undertone of regret, of nostalgia, which might be called melancholy, in the Wife's prologue; her outburst, "Allas! Allas! that evere love was sinne" certainly implies that. But I would identify this melancholy with the inner tension hinted at in her reference to the circumstances of her birth. The story she tells lays open to our understanding this tension, this source of her momentary regret, if we would read it aright. For what is merely a hint in the prologue becomes in the story an outright exposure.

Her tale is set in the days of King Arthur. A knight of King Arthur's court meets a girl in the woods and rapes her. For his deed he is sentenced to die, but the Queen inter-

venes, begs for his life, and the King turns him over to her and to her court to decide his fate. The Queen promises the young knight his life if he can, within a year and a day, discover what it is that women most desire and bring the answer back to her court. The knight searches for the answer without success until, on his return journey to the court, he meets an old hag who promises to tell him what he wants to know if he will in turn grant her the first request she will make of him. He agrees and they return to the Queen's court where he gives the answer got from the hag: that women most desire sovereignty in marriage. He is given his life and thinks himself fortunate until the hag requires that he fulfill his promise to her by marrying her. He is disconsolate, but grants her request. On their wedding night he mopes, and she asks why he is so sad, why he refuses to have anything to do with her. And he answers that it is because she is so old, so ugly, and so lowborn. She replies that she can change all that if he will do as she bids, and then she preaches him an excellent sermon on *gentillesse*. When she is through she offers him a choice: to have her old and ugly and faithful to him, or young and beautiful and possibly unfaithful. The knight leaves the choice to her. The hag questions whether in so doing he is giving her mastery over him, and when he answers that he is, she tells him that he shall have both a beautiful and a faithful wife.

THE THEME of the Wife of Bath's story coincides with her own view that happiness in marriage depends on a wife's having mastery over her husband. It is consistent, too, with the character of the Wife revealed both in the *General Prologue* and in her individual prologue in that this desire for mastery stems from her strong sense of competition and her natural amorousness. However, the details of the story, its setting in an atmosphere of romance and chivalry, and more significantly, its long sermon on *gen-*

tillesse delivered by the old hag, with whom it is obvious the Wife has identified herself, seem incompatible with the brazen character of the Wife we have come to know. The notions that true nobility is not a matter of blood but of behavior, that real gentleness is marked by humility, graciousness, piety, and a respect for oneself as well as for other people, and that virtue is to be cultivated and vice abhorred, are not ideas we would expect to hear the Wife expressing. These sentiments, perhaps unconsciously revealed on her part, show a refinement of nature, a sensitivity to real worth, and a response to true beauty of character we had not thought of the Wife as possessing.

Then we remember what we spoke of as the undertone of nostalgia and melancholy in her words to the pilgrims, her reference to her horoscope, her lament that ever love was sin. One does not need to go to the length of Professor Curry to cast the Wife's horoscope. As valuable as such a study may be, it has the disadvantage of suggesting a kind of mechanical quality to the performance of the Wife, of implying that her stars, not she herself, direct the course of her life. This sort of implication would be an injustice to the Wife and needless to say an injustice to Chaucer. She is painfully aware of the conflict of desires within herself. For reasons beyond her control, for some inscrutable act of divine ordination, she cannot be what she wants to be; she must work with what she has. She has within her natural feminine desires and traits—a sensitivity to beauty, a refinement of taste, a gentleness of nature, a desire for attention and protection, an imaginative response to the world about her. We might go further and suggest that it is entirely possible that she would like to dress in soft, frilly clothes, to be fragile and dependent, maybe even to assume the mild affectations of the lady Prioress—maybe even just to be a lady. But she knows that this can never be. These feminine desires are disguised out of recognition by what she looks to be. And so, the Wife of Bath has

done what all men must do if they are to realize themselves fully as human beings, if they are to achieve any peace with themselves. I would add that by peace I do not mean anything passive, for peace always implies a tension, a holding together, a working of the will on intractable emotions. The Wife has fully accepted the conflicting forces within herself, and, although she knows in the recesses of her own heart her capacity for refinement of feeling for affection uncorrupted by lust for pleasure without wantonness, she has faced the unalterable fact that the grosser parts of her nature—the ugliness of her body, the coarseness of her manner, the vulgarity of her emotions—make her finer instincts ludicrous. Realizing that she must be what she can be within the limitations of her complex nature, she boldly accepts her lot, holding in constant check that which she knows she cannot be, and being with all her heart and mind that which she is. She can indeed say in triumph, "I have had my world as in my tyme!" It is understandable that there are moments of regret, of passing nostalgia for what might have been. In the intimacy of the pilgrimage or under the protective guise of a story the Wife for a moment relaxes the rein by which she ordinarily governs herself, and that which has been hidden comes fleetingly to view. We see her for the first time in all the rich complexity of her humanity as she laments that ever love was sin. And we see her in all the dignity that belongs to man: for man, unless he is to be pursued forever by demon of his own making—self-pity, false pride, egoism or despair—must come to terms with his own nature, recognize what he is, what his limitations are, and what within those limitations he can become. Only in this way does he integrate and direct his efforts, his affections, his whole being.

This is the vision of man that Chaucer would have us contemplate; this is his invitation "to love and to praise." This is his "stay against confusion" that speaks to all men of all time.

AN ARISTOCRACY OF COMPETENCE

President Alston offers us his ideas of the requisites individuals must have for leadership in our society, in today's unstable world where relativities reign.



Dr. Alston

PROFESSOR JOHN McMURRAY, of the University of London, calls Plato's *Republic* "The fairest and falsest of all utopias." In this remarkable writing, Plato develops the analogy of the perfect man in the perfect state. As he presents an analysis of the human mind, Plato finds the rational or reasoning principle, the spirit or will, and the appetite or passion. This threefold division is applied to the commonwealth, which Plato regards as analogous to, and a sort of exhibition of, a good and virtuous man. Plato classifies the members of his ideal republic under three divisions: counselors, or an aristocracy of intelligence; guardians, or the military; and artisans, the common people.

One does not have much difficulty finding the weak places in the Platonic scheme. There are, nevertheless, some keen insights and some enduring recognitions in the *Republic*. One of the most important of these in

sights is that the commonwealth, the world indeed, needs the leadership of men and women of intelligence—an aristocracy of competence, if you please. The best qualified people, Plato insists, ought to be discovered, commandeered, and given the opportunity to use their intelligence and training for the common welfare.

We still need an aristocracy of intelligence—not, of course, a petted coddled little group whom we will set free from ordinary responsibilities in

(Continued on next page)

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Dr. Alston, minister, philosopher, theologian, but, above all, beloved President of Agnes Scott College, holds the B.A. and M.A. degrees from Emory University, the B.D. degree from Columbia Theological Seminary, the Th.M. and Th.D. degrees from Union Theological Seminary, the D.D. degree from Hampden-Sydney College and the LL.D. degree from both David and Elkins College and Emory University. Such a listing of academic honors tells nothing of the realness of the man—the wise, warm guide of Agnes Scott's destiny.

order to show favor or preferment to them. What we do need, however, within the framework of our democracy, is to discover ways to mobilize and challenge the folk who are endowed and trained to think—an aristocracy of intelligence, if you will, but one that is imbued with a strong sense of social responsibility.

The word "aristocracy" has become somewhat decadent and decrepit. As a matter of fact, it is a good word, the virility and relevance of which we might do well to recover. It comes from two Greek words: *aristos*, meaning "best," and *kratein*, "to be strong." A true aristocrat is one who, realizing endowment, deliberately offers himself in service to others. Aristocrats have often been despised or distrusted because they have exploited their position, or have held themselves aloof from the needs of common people, or have undertaken to dominate others, or have simply used their cleverness to make their own status secure. The kind of artistocracy that we need today within a democratic framework is an aristocracy of competence possessing a strong sense of social responsibility.

Let me suggest some achievements that would seem to be requisite in a leadership that might deserve to be known as an aristocracy of competence within a framework of democracy.

I For one thing, there is the need for a strong sense of objective reality in a day of relativities. Intellectual leaders generally are quite unimpressed today by the sort of realization that caused Arthur Hugh Clough to write:

It fortifies my soul to know
That, if I perish, truth is so.

Plato's philosophers, who composed the governing group, were recognized as authentic intellectual, moral, and spiritual leaders by virtue of their devotion to the world of ideas, or forms. Their authority as leaders was derived. They were quali-

fied persons, but they were instruments through whom truth, goodness, and beauty were mediated to the common life of men.

Our intellectual and cultural climate is subjective and relativistic. It is doubtful whether men will regard truth as a sacred prize to be discovered and as a trust to be valued and shared, when truth is seen to be so exclusively the creation of clever people. Whether a thoroughgoing relativism in ethics and religion will result in a leadership imbued with a strong sense of mission is quite doubtful. Is truth made anew by every generation, by each separate individual, indeed? It matters little how competent men and women may be in their endowment and training, if they determine that goodness, truth, and beauty are merely values that men project into the world; a different sort of enterprise is presented from that envisaged by Plato when he made his plea for an aristocracy of competence.

I Moreover, there is the need for disciplined insight and the ability to think in a day of confusion. Some time ago President Ralph C. Hutchinson, of Lafayette College, wrote that a veritable "cult of confusion" exists in America. Not only are people by and large confessing bewilderment, but our leaders themselves admit to a confusion that is disconcerting, to say the least.

The sort of intellectual guidance that people require today must come from men and women who know what the facts in the various aspects of learning are and who have a respect for tested realities. Experimentation is good, but it must not be random and chaotic. There is good sense in requiring that any man who would become proficient in his field should at least know what has been done before he came upon the scene. There is no virtue in mere novelty, and those who are looking for short cuts should definitely be discouraged by their fellows in all fields that lay

claim to educational and cultural leadership.

John Ruskin said a relevant thing when he insisted that "the right to own anything is dependent upon the willingness to pay a fair price for it." Creativity and originality come not through novelty and the attempt to by-pass the disciplines of intellectual endeavor, but through persistence, habitual and unremitting labor, and through the unconventional channels. The only artistocracy of intelligence that deserves general approval and support will be one to which the past with its accomplishments is known, and one which accepts the necessity of hard work and patient, painful intellectual endeavor.

III Then, poise and sanity in this day of intellectual, moral, and spiritual instability constitutes a "must" for leaders worthy of respect and loyalty. There are many indications in our contemporary scene of the unsteadiness and emotionalism of people. We make a serious mistake if we assume that most folk think logically and make decisions upon the basis of the evidence pro and con that has been judiciously weighed. The fact is that the average person thinks very little if at all. He is a hero worshipper. He is swayed by the tides of popular sentiment and by the power of a personality. He seems at times to move by "fits and starts."

William Temple, late Archbishop of Canterbury, made the observation that our world is like a shop into which a mischief-maker has stolen unobserved. The culprit changes the price tags on the commodities so that cheap things are priced high and the really valuable things are priced ridiculously low. The result is confusion about values that has disastrous results in every sphere of man's life.

Leaders are sorely needed—men and women who can speak clearly, think logically, maintain perspective, chart a course of action, and inspire confidence in those who look to them for responsible direction.

IV Finally, in a genuine aristocracy of competence, there would be a sense of concern and liability in a day of irresponsibility. There is, indeed, a liability of the privileged, and nothing is more immediately important than a recognition and assumption of this obligation by those who have been trusted.

Certain tendencies peculiar to privilege must be resisted by people of unusual endowment. These tendencies are subtle and have far-reaching consequences.

For one thing, there is the tendency of privilege to lead a person to a false evaluation of himself. How easy it is for a man to think more highly of himself than he ought to think—indeed, to think himself to be something that he really is not at all, when he stands in a place of privilege! If an individual estimates himself on the basis of his money, or his inheritance, his brilliance, his raining, his popularity, or the position that he occupies, you can be fairly certain that he will not get a true view of himself.

This tendency of all forms of privilege to inflate one's egotism would be more amusing if it were not so pathetic, and sometimes tragic, in its consequences. Pin a badge on some people and they are uncontrollable. Give them a little money, or elect them to the third vice-presidency of something or other, and Andrew H. Brown, of "Amos 'n Andy" fame, seems scarcely an extravagant caricature of their condition. Take away their emoluments—their degrees, their costumes, offices, and insignia—and they drop from the perch they have assumed with a dull thud.

An observer at the Nuremberg trials made a remark that was quite impressive. He wrote that he had rediscovered something elemental at Nuremberg: that man is just a man after all, that he is what he is when his position is taken away from him, when his medals and badges are stripped off. The prisoners at Nuremberg—ungroomed, misshapen, unattractive, and uninteresting—obviously

required brilliant uniforms, medals, attendants, and the glamorous atmosphere of position to make them seem important and formidable. It is the *person* who matters, not the trappings and adornments.

Then, there is the tendency of privilege to shut a person off from the needs of people all around him. Like a great wall, tall and thick, one's privileged position shelters and protects him from so much of the heartbreak and hurt of the masses of humanity that, unless he is careful, he will lose touch with the bleeding world that God has trusted him to succor.

While campaigning for Irish home rule, William E. Gladstone, a privileged man if ever there was one, said that the privileged people of England had been on the wrong side of every social issue for the preceding fifty years. That is a severe indictment that ought to give us pause. What was the matter with those privileged Englishmen? Were they malicious? I think not. Were they stupid? I venture to say that some of the most intelligent and competent leaders that England has produced were among those privileged people whom Gladstone indicted. Why were privileged people of England on the wrong side of every social issue for fifty years in the nineteenth century? If Gladstone was right, it was due to the tendency of privilege to form a wall around those who belong to her, shutting out the sights and the cries of human misery. It is one thing to read about needy humanity in books or to see human misfortune out of the corner of one's eye as he goes on "slumming expeditions," so-called. It is quite another thing to face human misery, to feel it, to have its weight on one's heart, and to realize one's complicity in and his responsibility for it.

And there is the tendency of privilege to let a person off with only a fractional part of the contribution that he is capable of making. One of the most subtle temptations that assails a gifted individual is the temptation to get by with less than his best. He can win applause by giving of himself—his time, money, and ability

—in limited measure, since what he contributes will overshadow the efforts of one-talent people. By comparing himself with others and by reminding himself that he is doing as much as or more than they, the privileged individual salves his conscience while he continues to put back into life only a fractional part of what he is capable of doing and far less than he takes out. There is something selfish and unworthy about a person who is willing to accept applause for that which costs him nothing.

In his *Inside U.S.A.*, John Gunther reminds us that America is run by its propertied class. Gunther does not quarrel particularly with this situation, but he does make the emphatic assertion that the failure of the privileged class is the greatest single impediment to unity, and the chief factor in our national life making for discontent. If only our competent, gifted, favored citizens understood that "unto whomsoever much is given, of him shall be much required!" Privileged people are held accountable proportionately. There is a liability of the privileged that must be accepted if we are to have a vital leadership that can lay claim to the loyalty of people by and large.

This desire for an aristocracy of competence is not an armchair academic matter. It should not be dismissed as a nostalgic yearning for an impossibility. Plato's insight that the commonwealth must be guided by its best trained, most sensitive, most responsible citizens, is an essential if our democratic form of government is ever to be made effective. The alternative is to increase mediocrity and control by the inefficient.

The initiative rests measurably with educated and privileged people. It is in large measure a matter of attitude and inner spirit, of motive and commitment. College men and women could make the difference between hope and despair for our race. An aristocracy of competence, baptized with humility and charged with a sense of mission, could supply the leadership now desperately lacking.

UNIVERSITY EDUCATION and MODERN CONDITIONS

EDUCATION is a vast and complex subject involving many problems of great difficulty. I propose, in what follows, to deal with only one of these problems, namely, the adaptation of university education to modern conditions.

Universities are an institution of considerable antiquity. They developed during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries out of cathedral schools where scholastic theologians learned the art of dialectic. But, in fact, the aims which inspired universities go back to ancient times.

One may say that Plato's Academy was the first university. Plato's Academy had certain well-marked objectives. It aimed at producing the sort of people who would be suitable to become Guardians in his ideal Republic. The education which Plato designed was not in his day what would now be called "cultural." A "cultural" education consists mainly in the learning of Greek and Latin.

But the Greeks had no need to learn Greek and no occasion to learn Latin. What Plato mainly wished his Academy to teach was, first, mathematics and astronomy, and, then, philosophy. The philosophy was to have a scientific inspiration with a tincture of Orphic mysticism.

Something of this sort, in various modified forms, persisted in the West until the Fall of Rome. After some centuries, it was taken up by the Arabs and, from them, largely through the Jews, transmitted back to the West. In the West it still retained much of Plato's original political purpose, since it aimed at producing an educated elite with a more or less complete monopoly of political power. This aim persisted, virtually unchanged, until the latter half of the nineteenth century. From that time onwards, the aim has become increasingly modified by the intrusion of two new elements: democracy and science. The intrusion of democracy into academic practice and theory is much more profound than that of

science, and much more difficult to combine with anything like the aims of Plato's Academy.

Until it was seen that political democracy had become inevitable, universal education, which is now taken for granted in all civilized countries, was vehemently opposed on grounds which were broadly aristocratic. There had been ever since ancient times a very sharp line between the educated and the uneducated. The educated had had a severe training and had learnt much, while the uneducated could not read or write. The educated, who had a monopoly of political power, dreaded the extension of schools to the "lower classes." The President of the Royal Society, in the year 1807, considered that it would be disastrous if working men could read, since he feared that they would spend their time reading Tom Paine. When my grandfather established an elementary school in his parish, well-to-do neighbours were outraged, saying that he had destroyed the hitherto aristocratic character

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Bertrand Russell

What sort of intellectual life must today's colleges and universities offer--and to whom? Britain's philosopher, Lord Russell, here offers some answers.

er of the neighbourhood. It was political democracy—at least, in England—that brought a change of opinion in this matter. Disraeli, after urging the vote for urban working men, favoured compulsory education in the phrase, “We must educate our masters.” Education came to be the right of all who desired it. It was not easy to see how this was to be extended to university education; nor, if it were, how universities could continue to perform their ancient functions. The reasons which have induced civilized countries to adopt universal education are various. There were enthusiasts for enlightenment who saw no limits to the good that could be done by instruction. Many of these were very influential in the early advocacy of compulsory education. Then there were practical men who realized that a modern State and modern processes of production and distribution cannot easily be managed if a large proportion of the population cannot read. A third

group were those who advocated education as a democratic right. There was a fourth group, more silent and less open, which saw the possibilities of education from the point of view of official propaganda. The importance of education in this regard is very great. In the eighteenth century, most wars were unpopular; but, since men have been able to read the newspapers, almost all wars have been popular. This is only one instance of the hold on public opinion which Authority has acquired through education.

Although universities were not directly concerned in these educational processes, they have been profoundly affected by them in ways which are, broadly speaking, inevitable, but which are, in part, very disturbing to those who wish to preserve what was good in older ideals.

It is difficult to speak in advocacy of older ideals without using language that has a somewhat old-fashioned flavour. There is a distinction, which formerly received general recognition,

between skill and wisdom. The growing complexities of technique have tended to blur this distinction, at any rate in certain regions.

There are kinds of skill which are not specially respected although they are difficult to acquire. A contortionist, I am told, has to begin training in early childhood, and, when proficient, he possesses a very rare and difficult skill. But it is not felt that this skill is socially useful, and it is, therefore, not taught in schools or universities. A great many skills, however, indeed a rapidly increasing number, are very vital elements in the wealth and power of a nation. Most of these skills are new and do not command the respect of ancient tradition. Some of them may be considered to minister to wisdom, but a great many certainly do not.

But what, you will ask, do you mean by “wisdom”? I am not prepared with a neat definition. But I will do my best to convey what I think the word is capable of meaning. It is a word concerned partly

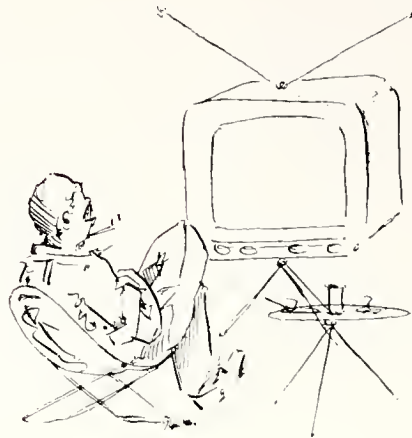
with knowledge and partly with feeling. It should denote a certain intimate union of knowledge with apprehension of human destiny and the purposes of life. It requires a certain breadth of vision, which is hardly possible without considerable knowledge. But it demands, also, a breadth of feeling, a certain kind of universality of sympathy.

Unconscious Wisdom

I think that higher education should do what is possible towards promoting not only knowledge, but wisdom. I do not think that this is easy; and I do not think that the aim should be too conscious, for, if it is, it becomes stereotyped and priggish. It should be something existing almost unconsciously in the teacher and conveyed almost unintentionally to the pupil. I agree with Plato in thinking this the greatest thing that education can do. Unfortunately, it is one of the things most threatened by the intrusion of crude democratic shibboleths into our universities.

The fanatic of democracy is apt to say that all men are equal. There is a sense in which this is true, but it is not a sense which much concerns the educator. What can be meant truly by the phrase "All men are equal" is that in certain respects they have equal rights and should have an equal share of basic political power. Murder is a crime whoever the victim may be, and everybody should be protected against it by the law and the police. Any set of men or women which has no share in political power is pretty certain to suffer injustices of an indefensible sort. All men should be equal before the law. It is such principles which constitute what is valid in democracy.

But this should not mean that we cannot recognize differing degrees of skill or merit in different individuals. Every teacher knows that some pupils are quick to learn and others are slow. Every teacher knows that some boys and girls are eager to acquire knowledge, while others have to be forced into the minimum demanded by Authority. When a group of young people are all taught to-



gether in one class, regardless of their greater or less ability, the pace has to be too quick for the stupid and too slow for the clever. The amount of teaching that a young person needs depends to an enormous extent upon his ability and his tastes. A stupid child will only pay attention to what has to be learnt while the teacher is there to insist upon the subject-matter of the lesson. A really clever young person, on the contrary, needs opportunity and occasional guidance when he finds some difficulty momentarily insuperable. The practice of teaching clever and stupid pupils together is extremely unfortunate, especially as regards the ablest of them. Infinite boredom settles upon these outstanding pupils while matters that they have long ago understood are being explained to those who are backward.

Type of Instructor

This evil is greater the greater the age of the student. By the time that an able young man is at a university, what he needs is occasional advice (not orders) as to what to read, and an instructor who has time and sympathy to listen to his difficulties. The kind of instructor that I have in mind should be thoroughly competent in the subject in which the student is

specializing, but he should be so young enough to remember the difficulties that are apt to be obstacles to the learner, and not yet so ossified as to be unable to discuss without dogmatism. Discussion is a very essential part in the education of the best students and requires an absence of authority if it is to be free and fruitful. I am thinking not only of discussion with teachers but of discussion among the students themselves. For such discussion, there should be leisure. And, indeed, leisure during student years is of the highest importance. When I was an undergraduate, I made a vow that when in due course I became a lecturer, I would not think that lecturing did any good as a method of instruction, but only as an occasional stimulus. So far as the abler students are concerned, I still take this view. Lectures as a means of instruction are traditional in universities and were no doubt useful before the invention of printing, but since that time they have been out of date as regards the abler kind of students.

Individual Ability

It is, I am profoundly convinced, a mistake to object on democratic grounds to the separation of able from less able pupils in teaching. It matters that the public considers important no one dreams of such application of supposed democracy. Everybody is willing to admit that some athletes are better than others and that movie stars deserve more honour than ordinary mortals. This is because they have a kind of skill which is much admired even by those who do not possess it. Intellectual ability, so far from being admired by stupid boys, is positively and actively despised; and even among grown-ups, the term "egg-head" is not expressive of respect. It has been one of the humiliations of the military authorities of our time that the man who now a days brings success in war is no longer a gentleman of commanding aspect, sitting upright upon a prancing horse, but a wretched scientist whom every military-minded boy would have bullied.

Coming Attractions: Faculty Revue, Vintage 1960

WHATEVER SHAPE it may be by then—good, we are—the long awaited Faculty Revue will have a one-act stand in Presser Hall on April 9, 1960. Curtain time 8:30.

This major production had its birth one balmy, spring-rish day in the Spring of 1959 when, during a faculty tinging, members of the faculty interpolated among more just decisions a resounding aye vote to a proposal of sident Alston's that the faculty undertake such an ertaking.

Dr. Alston presented this as the way the faculty might help the campus campaign which would launch the nsive financial drive scheduled for the College in 1-62; also, the student body had made both formal informal requests to the faculty for a repeat per- nance of the memorable and classic faculty revue, ellbound."

Thus, with a unanimous vote of confidence in each other r the record it would be noted that decisions made in aculty meeting often have a healthy non-unanimity) ility members had taken first steps toward their produc- e before Commencement: a veritable horde of commit- were appointed and some of them had even met.

To make a confession, we are strictly inaccurate on the ory of this faculty presentation, and there are prob- y many alumnae who can straighten us out—please do.

Anyway, in our hazy way we gather that it was first done during the years of World War II, as an informal skit to raise funds for a war-time charity. Then in 1947 the skit had been turned into a full-scale production, with a won- drous script and amazing acting. Its title was "Shell- bound." In 1953, with a few script changes and a different cast, "Shellbound II" burst upon the boards.

The 1960 variety of faculty revue will *not* be "Shell- bound III." There is a completely new script, built around a new theme. The Writing Committee began its labors last spring and worked during the long hot summer in Georgia. Miss Margaret Trotter is chairman of this most vital com- mittee and serving with her are Mrs. Jane Pepperdene, Miss Laura Steele, Miss Dorothy Weakley, Mr. Timothy Miller and Mr. Robert Westervelt.

As yet untitled (there is not a unanimous faculty de- cision on this)—and even if we knew what it will be called, we are sworn to secrecy—rest assured that the Faculty Revue promises to be the most stupendous of them all.

Every member of the faculty has some responsibility in this mammoth job: to list them all would be impossible. But some pre-thanks are due Miss Roberta Winter who is performing the impossible by holding all the numberless reins together, as Director. Come one, come all, to the Faculty Revue, Vintage 1960!

oughout his youth. However, it is for special skill in slaughter that should wish to see the "egg-head" pected.

Scientific versus Cultural

The needs of the modern world e brought a conflict, which I think ld be avoided, between scientific objects and those that are called ltural." The latter represent tration and still have, in my country, ertain snobbish pre-eminence. Cul- al ignorance, beyond a point, is pised. Scientific ignorance, how- r complete, is not. I do not think, self, that the division between cul- al and scientific education should nearly as definite as it has tended become. I think that every scien- c student should have some knowl- ge of history and literature, and t every cultural student should ve some acquaintance with some of e basic ideas of science. Some ople will say that there is not time, ring the university curriculum, to ieve this. But I think that opin- a arises partly from unwillingness

to adapt teaching to those who are not going to penetrate very far into the subject in question. More spe- cifically, whatever cultural education is offered to scientific students should not involve a knowledge of Latin or Greek. And I think that whatever of science is offered to those who are not going to specialize in any scientific subject should deal partly with scientific history and partly with general aspects of scientific method. I think it is a good thing to invite occasional lectures from eminent men to be addressed to the general body of students and not only to those who specialize in the subject concerned.

There are some things which I think it ought to be possible, though at present it is not, to take for granted in all who are engaged in university teaching. Such men or women must, of course, be proficient in some spe- cial skill. But, in addition to this, there is a general outlook which it is their duty to put before those whom they are instructing. They should exemplify the value of intel-

lect and of the search for knowledge. They should make it clear that what at any time passes for knowledge may, in fact, be erroneous. They should inculcate an undogmatic tem- per, a temper of continual search and not of comfortable certainty. They should try to create an awareness of the world as a whole, and not only of what is near in space and time. Through the recognition of the likeli- hood of error, they should make clear the importance of tolerance. They should remind the student that those whom posterity honours have very often been unpopular in their own day and that, on this ground, social courage is a virtue of supreme im- portance. Above all, every educator who is engaged in an attempt to make the best of the students to whom he speaks must regard him- self as the servant of truth and not of this or that political or sectarian interest. Truth is a shining goddess, always veiled, always distant, never wholly approachable, but worthy of all the devotion of which the human spirit is capable.





Worthy Notes...

"April, April, laugh thy girlish laughter,"

"Then, the moment after.

Weep thy girlish tears."

AS DID POET William Watson once exhort the month of April. And we now exhort those of you who are members of reunion classes in 1960 to join us on the campus first week end in April. Saturday, April 2.

At the risk of being repetitious, we will explain again the reunion system which the Agnes Scott Alumnae Association uses, known as the Dix Reunion Plan, is only a mathematical computation allowing classes which were in school together to return to the campus together, in sets of four.

This year Dix reunion classes include 1893, 1894, 1895, 1896, 1912, 1913, 1914, 1915, 1931, 1932, 1933, 1944, 1950, 1951, 1952, 1953 and 1959. The Dix plan does not provide for so-called "milestone" reunions, such as the tenth or twenty-fifth. These milestone celebrations are held at the pleasure of the class. This year the Class of 1910 will hold its fiftieth, the Class of 1935 its twenty-fifth, the Class of 1940 its twentieth and the Class of 1950 its tenth. It so happens that the Class of 1950 is also scheduled for a Dix plan reunion this year, so, to compensate you at greater length, we term this a "Milestone-Dix" reunion. Then, although the Class of 1934 is scheduled for a Dix reunion this year, they celebrated an important milestone last year, their twenty-fifth, and decided then not to hold another reunion so close on its heels. Does all of this explain any of the strange abracadabra of the reunion plan we use?

This year the very first four graduating classes begin a new reunion cycle: you will remember that Agnes Scott began in 1889 as Decatur Female Seminary. Thus, the Class of 1893, boasting two members, was the first graduating class, and one of the two members is the college's oldest living alumna. She was Mary Mack and has been Mrs. W. B. Ardery, Sr. for sixty-one years. Both she and her husband are ardent golfers, and in 1953 she won a trophy in a tournament played in her hometown, Decatur, Ga.

The second-oldest living alumna graduated in 1895,

is a class of five members. She is Miss Orra Hopkins, younger sister of Dean Nanette Hopkins who came to be "Lady Principal" in 1883, and she lives in the Hopkins' hometown, Staunton, Va.

April, 1960, will also see the College launched on the exciting seas of a financial campaign for four and one-half million dollars. This task, which President Alston terms a "stupendous one," begins in April with the members of the campus community having their chance to contribute—and this is where all of Agnes Scott's campaigns have begun, at home.

The fall issue promised you, in this column, happy Agnes Scott reading this year. Please see page 23 for another kind of reading. Both alumnae and the Faculty Committee on Alumnae Affairs have suggested that book-lists might be a helpful service from the College to Alumnae. It seems wasteful of time and effort on several persons' parts to print general book-lists, without knowing in what areas you might like to have reading suggestions from the faculty. So, since we had requests, understandably, for books about the Civil War, we asked Dr. Posey to weed out from the myriads published a few outstanding ones. If any of you would like a similar list in another area, please feel free to ask us for it, and we will refer it to the proper faculty member.

May we here at the College send special salutes to those of you who are celebrating Founder's Day, either at alumnae club meetings or in more informal gatherings. We share with all alumnae Mildred Clark Sargent '36's words to the Washington, D. C. alumnae last Founder's Day: "... and looking back over twenty-three years and three other colleges, I am aware that my education at Agnes Scott was not specifically aimed in the direction of linguistic, mathematical, scientific, or literary goals so much as it was pointed toward life, preparation for living in an ever-developing society, preparation for enormous readjustments, expanding citizenship, service and self-realization."

Ann Worthy Johnson '38

You are invited...

ANNUAL MEETING

of the Agnes Scott Alumnae Association
and ALUMNAE LUNCHEON April 2, 1960

REUNIONS FOR CLASSES OF 1893, 1894, 1895, 1896, 1910, 1912,
1913, 1914, 1915, 1931, 1932, 1933, 1935, 1940,
1950, 1951, 1952, 1953, 1959

Calendar of Events

- 10:00 - 11:00 a.m. Class Council Meeting (officers of all classes), Alumnae House.
- 11:00 - 12:00 noon "Operation Spaceshooting." President Alston presents, in Presser Hall, a panel of faculty members and a student who will project for alumnae exciting parts of Agnes Scott's program for the future. Faculty members on the panel: Miss Carrie Scandrett, Dean of Students; Mr. Ferdinand Warren, Head of the Art Department; Miss Llewellyn Wilburn, Head of the Physical Education Department; Miss Roberta Winter, Associate Professor of English.
- 12:30 - 1:30 p.m. Alumnae Luncheon and Annual Meeting, Evans Dining Hall. (All members of the Association plus non-members who are having Class Reunions will receive an invitation.)
- 1:30 - 7:30 p.m. Reunion Classes Hold Their Special Functions.
- 8:00 p.m. Joint Concert, Agnes Scott College Glee Club and Brown University Glee Club, Presser Hall.



Ferdinand Warren

E SPRING 1960

Agnes Scott

ALUMNAE QUARTERLY



A SPECIAL ISSUE: THE ALUMNAE 1960

THE Agnes Scott

SPRING 1960 Vol. 38, No. 3
ALUMNAE QUARTERLY

Ann Worthy Johnson, *Editor*

Dorothy Weakley, *Assistant Editor*

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COVER :

Spring at Agnes Scott means reunion time for alumnae. Here are a group of reunioners, April 2, 1960, from the Class of 1910 to the Class of 1959, greeting each other in front of the Dining Hall. Frontispiece, *opposite*, shows a faculty member greeting alumnae. *Photographs by Jim Brantley.*

THE ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION OF AGNES SCOTT COLLEGE

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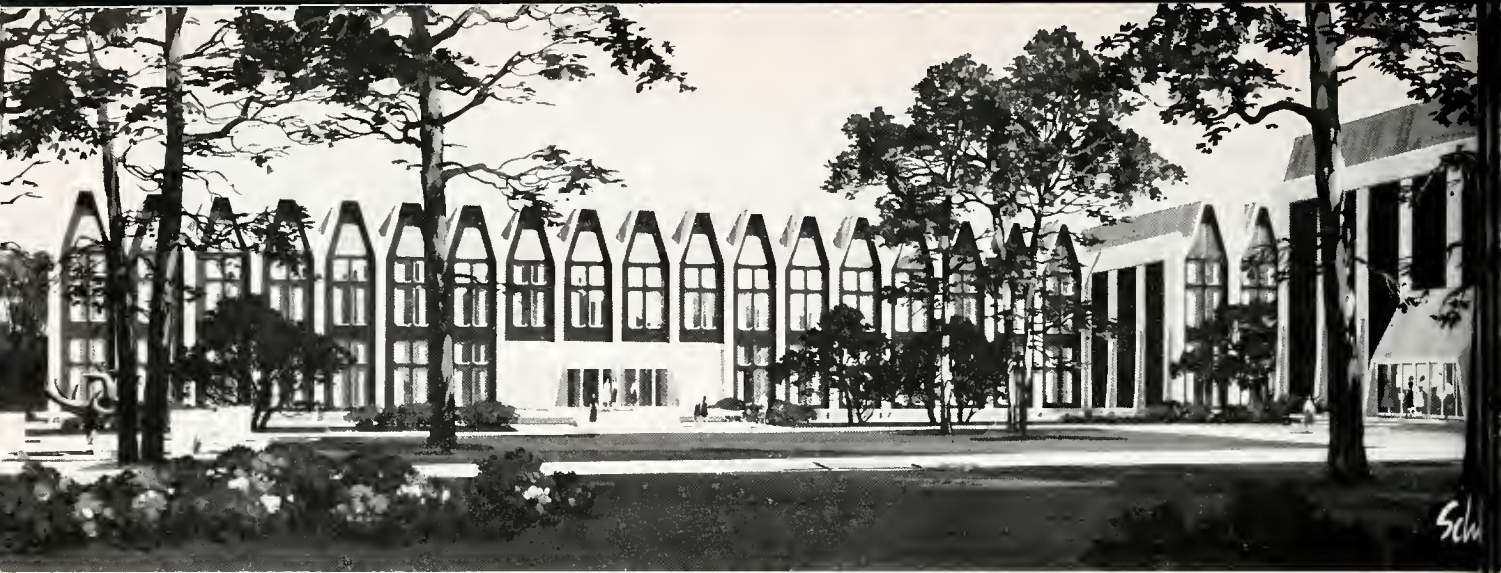
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 Virginia Brown McKenzie '47, *Property*
 Jean Grey Morgan '31, *Publications*
 Dorothy Cheek Callaway '29,
Special Events
 Barbara Smith Hull '47,
Vocational Guidance

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MEMBER OF AMERICAN ALUMNI COUNCIL



SS JANEF PRESTON '21 GREETs FORMER STUDENTS NANCY GRAYSON FULLER '58 AND NANCY HOLLAND SIBLEY '58



Projected plans for the new Fine Arts building, to be located next to Presser Hall, include space for art studies and classrooms and for speech and dramatics.

A TWO-WAY STREET FOR

The Director of Alumnae Affairs looks at 1

THANK goodness, there is no composite public image of an alumna as there is of an alumnus, the back-slapping, fifty-year-old sophomore whose interest in books is avid only for a book of season tickets on the 50-yard line.

But it is frightening, in one sense, that no such image exists. After over a hundred years of higher education, are educated women in our society making so little impact that as alumnae we aren't even caricatured? Would one answer be, or is this wishful thinking, that there are so few of us?

Another answer may be that as alumnae we are unsure of our responsibilities to the very college that made each of us push her own growing edge as a student, and in turn, the college may be unsure of its continuing responsibilities to the women it sought to help become whole human beings. This problem is ever a two-way street.

And it is this problem that I want to explore, as Agnes Scott College stands on the verge of the greatest

undertaking in its 71-year history. Granted, of course, that I write from a privileged spot: one of my pleasanter duties as director of alumnae affairs is publishing this magazine, so I may use these pages at my discretion. You may have back at me: I promise to publish your letters.

When I came back to Agnes Scott six years ago, I wandered for many days asking one question, "Who is an alumna?" The final answer I found in the alumnae files in my own office. Any person who registered at Agnes Scott is an alumna, no matter how long she remained in the college. One alumna has said, "I went to Agnes Scott in 1893, when I was fourteen: I cried for three days, then Papa came and took me home—and I still get mail from the College!" We are pushing the 10,000 mark, but only about one-third of us are graduates. The office has addresses on almost 3,000 of us, to whom, graduate and non-graduate alike, go each year some 50,000 pieces of mail—the Quarterly, fund-appeal brochures, newsletters, President Alston's

annual report, class letters, reunion letters, materials for programs alumnae club meetings, aside from correspondence with individual alumnae. Thus does the College, through the Alumnae Office, discharge a part of its continuing responsibility to alumnae, keeping alumnae informed about Agnes Scott today.

My second question, after finding the answer to who is an alumna, was, and ever will be: "What is an alumna?" There are no pat answers to this, and new ones come each year; there are ultimately as many answers as there are individuals—and often the individual answers change! I was with a kind of delight that the realization came to me that I would never find my answer except as the daily living of each of us instructed me.

President Alston says this, in much better terms, in his Annual Report to the Board of Trustees for 1957. "The outreach and the impact of the college must be cumulatively vital. Agnes Scott is to lay claim to greatness. Our careful program of select



Future location of the new Physical Education building is facing the tennis courts and athletic field. The present gymnasium will be entirely renovated for a student center.

ALUMNAE AND COLLEGE

Relationships of the College to alumnae and vice versa

admissions is basic. The students do then go from our campus to hundreds of communities throughout the world are our product—and the validity of our effort as a Christian liberal arts college is ultimately determined by the value of their lives. The importance of Agnes Scott as a college cannot be estimated by numbering our alumnae; the number, of course, will always be relatively small. Nor can the contribution of this institution be measured accurately merely by determining the wealth or the renown of our graduates. The ultimate test is the intrinsic worth of Agnes Scott students, here and after college days are over, in the homes they establish—the professional and business careers upon which they enter—the church, civic, educational, and social relationships that they maintain. I am quite willing for Agnes Scott's contribution to be measured in such terms; that it could be so measured is, at any rate, inevitable."

What we have in common, as alumnae, is that we are women (al-

though there were six little boys in the grammar school that opened its doors in Decatur, Georgia in 1889) and that we shared at Agnes Scott the kind of liberal arts education which Dean C. Benton Kline characterizes as leading "students into adventures of thought and understanding beyond horizons of their previous training and experience." As alumnae we actually share only one common denominator, that of being the female of the species, because how we translate the liberating experiences of an Agnes Scott education varies in individual lives.

This leads us to our one great pitfall on the alumnae side of the two-way street between alumnae and their college. This is our tendency to think of Agnes Scott as it was when we were students. We are prone to want to cherish it and bind the memory of it as a kind of shining postulate of our own lost youth. We are loath to recognize right and healthy change within and about it. So, our major area of responsibilities is to learn, by every feasible means, what

Agnes Scott College, vintage 1960, is like—and what the Agnes Scott of 1970 should be like. Probably, we are quite sound psychologically when we hop into this particular pitfall. The nomenclature mankind has chosen to designate for his college, *alma mater*, seems to me to be determined recognition of the child-parent relationship inherent in any student-college situation. And I'm sure that this is even more evident among alumnae of women's colleges and more prevalent among women's college alumnae in the South. I frequently hear Agnes Scott alumnae ask, "Why didn't Agnes Scott teach me such-and-such?" in the same tone of voice their own teenagers use to ask, "Why don't my parents let me do such-and-such?"

In turn, the pitfall on the College's side of the street is the tendency of the administration and faculty toward paternalism, rather than maternalism, in their relationships with alumnae. It is as difficult for a teacher to "let" a student become an adult, or for a college president or dean to



The proposed new Dormitory, to be set on S. Condlar Street facing the Infirmary, will at long last provide adequate housing for all boarding students.

recognize an alumna as a mature human being twenty years after college as it is for a father to "let" a daughter grow up and marry that boy who but yesterday gawked and blushed in his presence.

I'm glad to report that, at Agnes Scott, these pitfalls are rapidly being filled up, not avoided. The great financial campaign which we've launched will not only undergird Agnes Scott's educational program but will have untold fringe-benefits in the paving of these holes, in the increased mutual understanding of the responsibilities of alumnae to their College and of the College to alumnae.

This will be a most different kind of campaign for most alumnae who can recall others in the past. The key to this lies in two words, alumna leadership. The College is turning not to friends, parents, or even our stalwart alumnae husbands, but to alumnae as individuals and collectively, for campaign leaders. Five of the members of the overall steering committee for the campaign are alumnae, and as I write this, the

College is selecting an alumna as campaign chairman in each of the approximately 45 geographic areas where there will be organized solicitation.

During the campaign, the College will attempt to discharge its responsibilities to alumnae leaders by providing us with careful, thorough statements of the needs of Agnes Scott, with guidance in the techniques of campaigning which will be both fundamental and fun. The campaign brochure, which all of you will receive, is as excellent a statement about Agnes Scott's stature as I have ever beheld. There is a movie being made now about the College which is geared for alumnae eyes and hearts.

Within the next eighteen months, all alumnae will have the opportunity to discharge part of our continuing responsibility to Agnes Scott by our *thoughtful* contribution to the campaign. A goal of $4\frac{1}{2}$ million dollars is, of course, a stupendous one for the size of Agnes Scott. But it is not stupendous for the standing of Agnes Scott in our society, which we, its product, must maintain and enlarge.

This goal is the last lap of the college's 75th Anniversary Development Program, to culminate in 1964. Our Alumnae Fund, which is the college's annual giving program, will not, of course, be operated during the campaign period: you can make a pledge in the campaign payable as you designate. And your pledge can reflect the liberal arts education action, using your best judgment of what portion of your own resources, each in your own situation, you can give to further the sort of education you once shared.

The contributions from alumnae to the College through the Alumnae Fund have helped immeasurably bring Agnes Scott to its present place of 8th in the nation among women colleges in endowment value. And mistake me not: I am well aware that the \$5.00 contribution to the Alumnae Fund often means juggling a household budget for many alumnae. The alumna's responsibility now is to stop thinking in terms of a token, perfunctory gift and to plan wisely and intelligently for her support of Agnes Scott in its most crucial campaign.

A HEROINE'S JOURNEY

*An alumna tells us how the psychic journey
we must all take began for her in the
magic of words at Agnes Scott.*

WE HAVE HEARD a great deal these last years about Myth and Man, but the journey of the hero. Amid modern treatments, in the arts, Oedipus, Orpheus, Job, Gilgamesh, Creteia and Tarquinius, Prometheus and Sisyphus, Joseph, Faust, and Juan, and amid criticism steeped in Freudian or Jungian psychology and in the branches of anthropology and philosophy which illuminate the mysteries of man as a symbol-making animal, it is hard to realize that only a few years ago James Joyce's *Ulysses* and T. S. Eliot's *The Wasteland* baffled and annoyed many readers. Religion and the arts from the beginning of human history, we realize, have been symbolizing man's profoundest experiences in the universal psychic journey toward self-knowledge and self-fulfillment: the adventures of what Joseph Campbell has called "the hero with a thousand faces."

But what about Myth and Women? What about the Journey of the Heroine? Surely half the human race is not supposed to be excluded from full participation in religion and the arts and the experiences which they symbolize? I wonder if the custom of using the masculine form "man" for the general meaning, and the dominance of *men* as the central figures in most of the great heroic myths, does not sometimes obscure what I feel is an essential truth about women: that the psychic journey to which the mythical Hero is called is our journey, too.

Not that women today would deny or belittle, as earlier Bluestockings and Suffragettes sometimes did, the important physical, emotional, and social differences between men and women; we are more likely to rejoice in them. But deep down, surely, men and women are the same. Whether we would wish it or no, the human predicament, which in the West has so persistently been experienced as a tragic one, is woman's predicament, too.

If it were not so, would the hearts of girls and women have been stirred, as I know mine has been, by the great symbolic expressions that have come our way since childhood—poems, plays, stories, music, painting, sculpture, architecture, and various combinations of these as in the Catholic Mass, in opera, in ballet?

I am not thinking primarily of girls' and women's responses to Venus, Diana, and other female deities or to Mary the Mother of Jesus or other female saints. It was not Mary but Jesus who said, and not to men only, "I am the way . . . no one comes to the Father, but by me." Whatever else the story in the Gospels is, surely it is one more story—to some of us the richest, the most dramatic, and the most beautiful—of a hero's journey, the long, passionate quest for self-knowledge and self-fulfillment. True, some of us believe that this man was also God. But even for Christians, or perhaps especially for Christians, it is a human journey on which Jesus urged his disciples to

follow him: a departure from the ordinary, the merely conventional and formal, the superficial; a search not only with the mind but in one's whole experience, through solitude and loneliness, despair, death, and Hell; at last to resurrection, ascent into Heaven, and a seat on the right hand of God. And what woman who has reached middle age or even, say, the age of thirty, has not had—in love, in friendship, in illness, in grief, in childbirth—flashes or insight into the truths contained in that story and its images of the slain God and the open tomb?

INDIVIDUAL men and women not content merely to exist have *always* had to grope and fight toward self-knowledge and self-fulfillment. Growth to maturity has never been an easy, casual, or superficial process. The very earliest human records attest that struggle. Years and years ago men climbed and swam and crawled to almost inaccessible caves and there painted on the walls animals still vibrant with the painter's awful experience of creative power within and without him. In primitive tribes the *rites de passage*, often preceded by arduous training and commonly including torture, help the individual at crucial moments in his passage through life to know himself and play his part in relation to his society and its gods.

In the great cultures which combined to produce the western-human-

(Continued on Page 8)

(Continued from Page 7)

istic-Christian civilization that we like to call our own, family and community, through rich traditional symbols, trained the young person in his growth toward a mature personal and communal life. The Jew had Temple and Synagogue, law, ritual, and the rich library of his Scriptures—history, drama, song, myth, and legend, and the prophets' denunciations, exhortations, and visions. The classical Greek knew the Homeric epics practically by heart, participated in the great religious-civic festivals for which Aeschylus, Sophocles and Euripides wrote their plays, and saw every day the statues and temples which helped make Athens the school of Hellas.

The Roman learned from his father proper worship of the deities of hearth and farm and to emulate men of courage, simplicity, faithfulness to the given word, and self-discipline; he was trained by such rich symbolism as Virgil's *Aeneid* and Augustus' *Ara Pacis* toward a new ideal of dedicated citizenship. In the rich synthesis of western medieval Christendom, though lives were usually short, brains unschooled, rats and germs ubiquitous, nevertheless prince and peasant alike were ushered into, through, and out of life as members of a living Church.

With the Renaissance, men and women were nourished not only in a Christian religion still full of vitality but also in an exhilarating classical

humanism. True, there was confusion and conflict: many an individual felt rent asunder by the apparently incompatible values of Christianity and humanism. But for the conflict there was, if not solution, at least passionate expression, communication—the knowledge, for artist as well as common citizen, that he was not alone. It was not Shakespeare's fellow playwrights or professional scholars and critics, but all sorts and conditions of men (and women) who packed the theater to share the bewilderment and the tragic struggle of Macbeth, Hamlet, Othello and Lear.

WHAT about our own society—U.S.A. 1960? Isn't that perennially difficult growth to maturity harder than ever? Though such things cannot be accurately weighed and measured, isn't the personal journey to self-knowledge and self-fulfillment perhaps more exhausting, more lonely, more fraught with pain and confusion, less illumined by joy now than ever before?

If this is so, why is it so? To draw upon Mr. Paul Tillich, it is because our world has, in general, lost "the dimension of depth." We live on a flat plane, in the "horizontal dimension." We move rapidly through days, hours, moments packed with activities: we deal constantly with things, and we measure our actions and our relations with things in terms

of "bigger and bigger," "faster and faster;" with our fellow human being we congregate, we adjust, we interact, but only on the surface. One powerful symbols present themselves to eyes blind and ears deaf to their meaning. We might almost seem in danger of becoming things ourselves in the world of things we have created. For to be human, Mr. Tillich says, one must live in another dimension, "the vertical dimension."

And he believes that it is religious experience through which, and only through which, a man becomes fully human. Such experience may be described as "ultimate concern." When a man or woman stops for a moment in the bustling of ordinary superficial life and puts to the universe, with an impassioned cry, with his whole being, the ultimate questions, "Who am I? Why am I here? What am I to do?" he is asking, according to Tillich, religious questions. When instead of trying to forget the "upsetting experience," or get over it, he continues to ask these questions urgently, even if he believes in no God to whom to address them, his life is a religious one: the man is in the process of becoming human.

Clearly, this religious quest is the old Heroic Journey described in slightly different terms. In organized society, through verbal and other symbols the very invention and use of which distinguishes us from other animals, individuals have always helped each other in that difficult personal growth. Indeed, if society merely helps its members solve their economic problems and fails to help them know who they are and what their lives mean, it fails to survive.

So, even now when the quest is particularly difficult, there are signs that men and women do not easily give up their humanity. Contemporary poetry, drama, fiction, painting, sculpture, music, the dance, some branches of philosophy, the Church, as Tillich points out, voice the fervent protest and question and record individual experiences in the passionate search. The sharp sense of personal loss with which thousand



Mrs. Adams

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Mildred Davis Adams is back in the United States this spring, at Columbia University, on leave of absence from teaching at the Beirut College for Women in Lebanon. Her husband, John, teaches at American University in Beirut; Mildred brought their two children, Bronwen and Brayton, home with her and they are staying with her mother in Jacksonville, Fla. The Adams have taught at Washington University, in St. Louis, and at the American University in Cairo, Egypt. Two other Agnes Scott alumnae are on the staff with Mildred in Beirut, Jeanne Addison Mosengill '46 and Frances Markley Roberts '21.

If readers heard recently of the death of Albert Camus attests that all is not yet lost.

The quest is perhaps harder for women than for men, we are servant-women, busy with housework, child-rearing, Scouts, Sunday school, PTA, propagandized if not brainwashed into the "horizontal" cults of youth, beauty, togetherness, material comfort, and security, entertained by the rubbish of show-business. But even now, and even for women, the quest is still possible.

And here is where the alumna's relation to her college becomes important beyond all measure. If a girl or woman has it in her to live heroically (yes, let's use the word, though with a very small "h"), not posturing as a heroine of melodrama, not haunting herself as the female equivalent of the popular notion of Nietzsche's Superman, but simply living herself courageously, however limited or gifted she may be, to life-long quest for self-knowledge and maturity; if she has it in her to do this and if her college is what it should be, the college can help her perhaps no one else and nothing else can, to translate dream into reality.

How can it do this? How does Agnes Scott do this?

I cannot answer systematically. I do not think Agnes Scott or any other college does it systematically. But my sharpest memories of my college, those that even now, when I am twenty-odd years removed from that campus, make the pulse race or stop together, are of *words* — their sounds, the faces of those who spoke them, or their look on the page, the images they conjured in a flash then as they do now. By this magic Agnes Scott worked upon us.

And how those still echoing words and the men and women, dead or alive, who spoke them, all invited andured us to a life in the vertical dimension, to make the universal psychic journey of myth and man. We couldn't have called it that then.

On the great bare hall of the gymnasium, her tiny body quivering in the long sea-green dress, even her unruly gold-streaked brown hair

vibrant with life, Edna St. Vincent Millay spoke her poems to us, and we who knew nothing of poetry heard, deep inside us, *ourselves* speaking:

My candle burns at both ends;
It will not last the night . . .
I know I am but summer to your heart . . .
I know. But I do not approve. And I am
not resigned.

Just before Christmas my freshman year a Dr. Poteat appeared among us and lectured in chapel. Only three of his words ring in my memory now: Plato . . . ladder . . . love. But the vision! Christmas was not the same that year. Nothing has ever been the same. I had never read a line of Plato then, but there it was and there it has remained: a ladder stretching from my world of exciting, confusing, frustrating, transient objects, far far up until its narrow top vanished in pure Light, Love, Truth, Goodness, Beauty which were all somehow One and Eternal, and on this ladder, not Jacob's angels, but men and women ascending — and (how wonderful! how terrifying!) myself among them.

It was not only on special occasions and by visitors that the spell was cast. Quietly, daily, too potent to be thwarted by lessons in grammar, vocabulary, outlines, dates and causes and results of wars, even by the memorizing of a thirty-page classification of the animal kingdom, the magic of words was working in classroom and library. For a plain, clumsy freshman straight from Main Street, what sisterhood with plain, clumsy Maggie Tulliver in her struggle in her web of provincialism, what tears when Maggie drowned in the Floss, what comfort to learn that at least her author did not!

For a sophomore straining and panting her way "From Beowulf to Thomas Hardy," what bewilderment and awe, what pity, what terror for herself before Lear going mad on the heath:

. . . the tempest in my mind
Doth from my senses take all feeling else
Save what beats there.

And what pain and satisfaction there was in having to order her vague responses: "Is Lear a Tragic Hero as Aristotle defined the Tragic Hero?"

In my junior and senior years (the initiation over, the Rubicon crossed) the journey continued on a new level and in a goodly fellowship with Wordsworth, Keats, Shelley:

Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,
But to be young was very heaven.

"Yes," my heart sang in counterpoint, ". . . *our* dawn . . . and to be young *is* very heaven."

Even Tennyson (whom we could not forgive for his seventeen years' engagement) had his moments:

. . . and tho'
We are not now that strength which in old
days
Moved earth and heaven, that which we
are, we are—
One equal temper of heroic hearts
Made weak by time and fate, but strong
in will
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

And Browning: a dozen of us fell in love with Robert Browning one year, leaped from our couches, married him, and lived in Italy with him happily ever after:

This world's no blot for us
Nor blank; it means intensely, and means
good:
To find its meaning is my meat and drink.

By my senior year, with the rumble of an imminent world war in our ears, Arnold was close to us, and Carlyle's fire and thunder defied those of war.

Even from other languages the word came through: Phaedra's agony . . . Voltaire's outcry on the Earthquake at Lisbon . . . Balzac's Rastignac, looking down on Paris and crying, "*A nous deux maintenant*" . . . Cyrano's nose (that struck home!) and his plume . . . Virgil's Dido, magnificent, compassionate (*non ignara mali miseris succurrere disco*), a goddess among women, but Dido, too, destroyed by love. ("Then *is* it so? Why? Why? and if it is, how can we manage?")

Did all these words, heard so deeply, remembered so long, merely reverberate in an encapsulated little world, my private inner world or the little world of the campus? No! not then, not ever! What they spoke from and about and to was life itself. Yes, they invited us

to knowledge, but to a knowledge of the world and of ourselves which they assured us comes only through energetic, impassioned experience, even experience of "the abyss."

When I was at Agnes Scott as a student, those four years were full of living, of academic and non-academic experiences constantly enriching each other, although common sense frequently warned that one could not do everything, ever, and certainly not during the college years. To distinguish sharply between education and life was as impossible for some of us then as it is now. A single example will illustrate. Secure and well-fed in our bright, warm college, some of us, as sophomores, were shaken into painful awareness of the misery of the grim 1930's around us by a sociology teacher, an Amos of liberalism whose book on the tenant farmers was called *Tenants of the Almighty*. Our roast chicken and "heavenly hash" stuck in our throats! Within weeks, as helpers of young theological students, who already had a mission-chapel there, we had plunged into the Atlanta slums. I remember particularly the evangelical service each Sunday night in the little church which was crowded with our friends, all sorts of what Nietzsche called the "botched and bungled" of mankind; we played the piano and helped lead the singing of hymns. (That was the hard thing: "Love Lifted Me" was such excruciating music!)

"FINE," some might say, "but that was at Agnes Scott, still in the nest. What about later, in the big adult world outside?" That is just the point. There is no real break. What woman, if she is honest and sane, can point anywhere in her self to a "break" between girl and woman, between student and alumna? And if the college is, as we have assumed it is, not land and buildings, but people, where is the break between college and the world?

Of course the girl leaves the campus: the location and the pattern of her actions change; so does the membership in the campus community. If her education in college has

been chiefly the acquisition of facts and skills, and if she has been under the delusion that these were equipping her for life, she will, indeed, poor thing, suffer a kind of break—if not a complete breakdown—though some of the facts and skills acquired at college perhaps more easily than elsewhere are not to be sneered at. But if, in a college like Agnes Scott, she has been awakened to some awareness of the mystery, the beauty, and the terror of life, has felt called to explore it and has, passionately, said yes to that call; if she has, there, been guided, trained, supported in the first part of her journey, there should be, must be, no break.

In new work, new friendships, the choice of a husband, the making of a marriage and a home, in the bearing and rearing of children, perhaps in struggles with poverty, illness, exhaustion, in the effort to keep informed and to participate in community and world affairs, in traveling or living in far corners of the world—in all her experiences earlier facts and opinions may have to be revised, earlier skills improved and new ones added. But the Truth once apprehended, the Way once entered remain, to be explored by the woman in those adult experiences as no girl at college can explore them.

And the great symbolic sources of light and strength for the journey remain, to be tapped as no girl can tap them: the religion and the arts of all ages, including our own. Hopkins has said this well:

The world is charged with the grandeur of God.
It will flame out, like shining from shook foil...

Sometimes, if among the unwashed dishes and the television commercials the vision grows dim (No! I am not St. Joan/Nor was meant to be . . . apologies, Mr. Eliot) or if one simply *wants* to, it's good to go back, as I did for three days early in March this year. Buildings, grounds, books, equipment—all are exciting. But more exciting, to me: the magic is still at work. I didn't see Edna Millay. But I saw and heard an electrifying visiting scholar and teacher, Mlle. Brée, from New York University, lecture at convocation

and, in French, lead a seminar on Camus. I talked with one student who was writing a paper on *Tom Jones*: do you remember *that* rejection of snobbery and pedantry, the affirmation of the heart and the whole life? I talked with another who was wrestling with paradox in John Donne. I saw five students act a little play based on one of Oscar Wilde's fairy tales: not Sophocles or Shakespeare, but even there, a glimmer. The magic is at work, the fountains are flowing, apparently more abundantly than ever.

*The next article
provides a new look
at and, we trust, the
beginning of new
attitudes toward the
products of
American higher
education. Prepared
by a group of
alumna magazine
editors, this special
report will reach
2,900,000
alumna/ae
this spring.*

But, if in one sense we never really leave, in another we cannot really stay. *Alma Mater* that she is, our college creates life in us, nourishes, teaches, guides, and sustains us, receives us home again and again, but urges us, always, out and away.

THE ALUMNUS/A



ALAN BEARDEN, JON BRENNIS



As student, as
alumna or alumnus: at
both stages, one
of the most important persons
in higher education.

a special report

a Salute...

and a declaration of dependence

THIS IS A SALUTE, an acknowledgment of a partnership, and a declaration of dependence. It is directed to you as an alumnus or alumna. As such, you are one of the most important persons in American education today.

You are important to American education, and to your alma mater, for a variety of reasons, not all of which may be instantly apparent to you.

You are important, first, because you are the principal product of your alma mater—the principal claim she can make to fame. To a degree that few suspect, it is by alumni that an educational institution is judged. And few yardsticks could more accurately measure an institution's true worth.

You are important to American education, furthermore, because of the support you give to it. Financial support comes immediately to mind: the money that alumni are giving to the schools, colleges, and universities they once



tended has reached an impressive sum, larger than that received from any other source of gifts. It is indispensable. But the support you give in other forms is impressive and indispensable, also. Alumni push and guide the legislative programs that strengthen the nation's publicly supported educational institutions. They frequently act as academic talent scouts for their alma maters, meeting and talking with the college-bound high school students in their communities. They are among the staunchest defenders of high principles in education—*e.g.*, academic freedom—even when such defense may not be the “popular” posture. The list is long; yet every year alumni are finding ways to extend it.

TO THE HUNDREDS of colleges and universities and secondary schools from which they came, alumni are important in another way—one that has nothing to do with what alumni can do for the institutions them-

selves. Unlike most other forms of human enterprise, educational institutions are not in business for what they themselves can get out of it. They exist so that free people, through education, can keep civilization on the forward move. Those who ultimately do this are their alumni. Thus only through its alumni can a school or a college or a university truly fulfill itself.

Chancellor Samuel B. Gould, of the University of California, put it this way:

“The serious truth of the matter is that you are the distilled essence of the university, for you are its product and the basis for its reputation. If anything lasting is to be achieved by us as a community of scholars, it must in most instances be reflected in *you*. If we are to win intellectual victories or make cultural advances, it must be through *your* good offices and *your* belief in our mission.”

The italics are ours. The mission is yours and ours together.



ROBERT PHILLIPS



Alma Mater . . .

At an alumni-alumnae meeting in Washington, members sing the old school song.

The purpose of this meeting was to introduce the institution to high school boys and girls who, with their parents, were present as the club's guests.

Alumnus + alumna

Many people cling to the odd notion that in this

THE POPULAR VIEW of you, an alumnus or alumna, is a puzzling thing. That the view is highly illogical seems only to add to its popularity. That its elements are highly contradictory seems to bother no one.

Here is the paradox:

Individually you, being an alumnus or alumna, are among the most respected and sought-after of beings. People expect of you (and usually get) leadership or intelligent followership. They appoint you to positions of trust in business and government and stake the nation's very survival on your school- and college-developed abilities.

If you enter politics, your educational pedigree is freely discussed and frequently boasted about, even in precincts where candidates once took pains to conceal any education beyond the sixth grade. In clubs, parent-teacher associations, churches, labor unions, you are considered to be the brains, the backbone, the eyes, the ears, and the neckbone—the latter to be stuck out, for alumni are expected to be intellectually adventurous as well as to exercise other attributes.

But put you in an alumni club, or back on campus for a reunion or homecoming, and the popular respect—yea, awe—turns to chuckles and ho-ho-ho. The esteemed individual, when bunched with other esteemed individuals, becomes in the popular image the subject of quips, a candidate for the funny papers. He is now imagined to be a person whose interests stray no farther than the degree of baldness achieved by his classmates, or the success in marriage and child-bearing achieved by *her* classmates, or the record run up last season by the alma mater's football or field-hockey team. He is addicted to funny hats decorated with his class numerals, she to daisy chainmaking and to recapturing the elusive delights of the junior-class hoop-roll.

If he should encounter his old professor of physics, he is supposedly careful to confine the conversation to reminiscences about the time Joe or Jane Wilkins, with spectacular results, tried to disprove the validity of Newton's third law. To ask the old gentleman about the implications of the latest research concerning anti-matter would be, it is supposed, a most serious breach of the Alumni Reunion Code.

Such a view of organized alumni activity might be dismissed as unworthy of note, but for one disturbing fact: among its most earnest adherents are a surprising number of alumni and alumnae themselves.

Permit us to lay the distorted image to rest, with the aid of the rites conducted by cartoonist Mark Kelley on the following pages. To do so will not necessitate burying the class banner or interring the reunion hat, nor is there need to disband the homecoming day parade.

The simple truth is that the serious activities of organized alumni far outweigh the frivolities—in about the same proportion as the average citizen's, or unorganized alumnus's, party-going activities are outweighed by the less festive pursuits.

Look, for example, at the activities of the organized alumni of a large and famous state university in the Midwest. The former students of this university are often pictured as football-mad. And there is no denying that, many of them, there is no more pleasant way of spending an autumn Saturday than witnessing a victory by the home team.

But by far the great bulk of alumni energy on behalf of the old school is invested elsewhere:

- ▶ Every year the alumni association sponsors a recognition dinner to honor outstanding students—those with a scholastic average of 3.5 (B+) or better. This has proven to be a most effective way of showing students that academic prowess is valued above all else by the institution and its alumni.

- ▶ Every year the alumni give five “distinguished teaching awards”—grants of \$1,000 each to professors selected by their peers for outstanding performance in the classroom.

- ▶ An advisory board of alumni prominent in various fields meets regularly to consider the problems of the university: the quality of the course offerings, the caliber of the students, and a variety of other matters. They report directly to the university president, in confidence. Their work has been salutary. When the university school of architecture lost its accreditation, for example, the efforts of the alumni advisers were invaluable in getting to the root of the trouble and recommending measures by which accreditation could be regained.

- ▶ The efforts of alumni have resulted in the passage of legislation urgently needed, but politically endangered, appropriate to the state legislature.

- ▶ Some 3,000 of the university's alumni act each year as volunteer alumni-fund solicitors, making contacts with 30,000 of the university's former students.

Nor is this a particularly unusual list of alumni accomplishments. The work and thought expended by the alumni

umni—or does it?

group somehow differs from the sum of its parts



ELLIOTT ERWITT, MAGNUM

Behind the fun

of organized alumni activity—in clubs, at reunions—lies new seriousness nowadays, and a substantial record of service to American education.

of hundreds of schools, colleges, and universities in half of their alma maters would make a glowing record, never it could be compiled. The alumni of one institution took it upon themselves to survey the federal income-tax laws, as they affected parents' ability to finance their children's education, and then, in a nationwide campaign, lobbied for needed reforms. In a score of cities, the alumnae of a women's college annually sell tens of thousands of tulip bulbs for their alma mater's benefit; in eight years they have raised \$80,000, not to mention hundreds of thousands of tulips. Other institutions' alumnae stage house and garden tours, organize used-book sales, sell flocked Christmas trees, sponsor theatrical benefits. Name a worthwhile activity and someone is probably doing it, for faculty salaries or building funds or student scholarships.

Drop in on a reunion or a local alumni-club meeting, and you may well find that the superficial programs of

yore have been replaced by seminars, lectures, laboratory demonstrations, and even week-long short-courses. Visit the local high school during the season when the senior students are applying for admission to college—and trying to find their way through dozens of college catalogues, each describing a campus paradise—and you will find alumni on hand to help the student counselors. Nor are they high-pressure salesmen for their own alma mater and disparagers of everybody else's. Often they can, and do, perform their highest service to prospective students by advising them to apply somewhere else.

THE ACHIEVEMENTS, in short, belie the popular image. And if no one else realizes this, or cares, one group should: the alumni and alumnae themselves. Too many of them may be shying away from a good thing because they think that being an "active" alumnus means wearing a funny hat.

Why they come

DEAN! DEAN WINTERHAVEN!



TO SEE THE OLD DEAN

And there will be
TURBULENT YEAR!



FOR AN OUTING

Here it is, Deans!
MY OLD ROOM!!!



TO RECAPTURE YOUTH

He was in my class, but
I'm DARNED if I can
remember his name!



TO RENEW
OLD ACQUAINTANCE

I JUST HAPPEN to
have your type of
policy with me...



TO DEVELOP
NEW TERRITORY

TO BRING
THE WORD



Kelly

ack: The popular view

Charlie? Old Charlie Applegate?



TO PLACE THE FACE

Appearances would indicate that you have risen above your academic standing, Buehalter!



TO IMPRESS THE OLD PROF

He wants to do something for his OLD SCHOOL!



TO CONTRIBUTE MATERIALLY

Which way to MEM HALL, lad?



TO FIND MEM HALL

He says he's a FRAT BROTHER of yours!



TO BE A "POOR LITTLE SHEEP" AGAIN



Money!

Last year, educational institutions received more from any other source of gifts. Alumni support.

WITHOUT THE DOLLARS that their alumni contribute each year, America's privately supported educational institutions would be in serious difficulty today. And the same would be true of the nation's publicly supported institutions, without the support of alumni in legislatures and elections at which appropriations or bond issues are at stake.

For the private institutions, the financial support received from individual alumni often means the difference between an adequate or superior faculty and one that is underpaid and understaffed; between a thriving scholarship program and virtually none at all; between well-equipped laboratories and obsolete, crowded ones. For tax-supported institutions, which in growing numbers are turning to their alumni for direct financial support, such aid makes it possible to give scholarships, grant loans to needy students, build such buildings as student unions, and carry on research for which legislative appropriations do not provide.

To gain an idea of the scope of the support which alumni give—and of how much that is worthwhile in American education depends upon it—consider this statistic, unearthed in a current survey of 1,144 schools, junior colleges, colleges, and universities in the United States and Canada: in just twelve months, alumni gave their alma maters more than \$199 million. They were the largest single source of gifts.

Nor was this the kind of support that is given once, perhaps as the result of a high-pressure fund drive, and never heard of again. Alumni tend to give funds regularly. In the past year, they contributed \$45.5 million, on an *annual gift* basis, to the 1,144 institutions surveyed. To realize that much annual income from investments in blue-chip stocks, the institutions would have needed over 1.2 *billion* more dollars in endowment funds than they actually possessed.

ANNUAL ALUMNI GIVING is not a new phenomenon on the American educational scene (Yale alumni founded the first annual college fund in 1890, and Mount Hermon was the first independent secondary school to do so, in 1903). But not until fairly recently did annual giving become the main element in education's financial survival kit. The development was logical. Big endowments had been affected by inflation. Big private philanthropy, affected by the graduated income and in-

heritance taxes, was no longer able to do the job alone. Yet, with the growth of science and technology and democratic concepts of education, educational budgets had to be increased to keep pace.

Twenty years before Yale's first alumni drive, a professor in New Haven foresaw the possibilities and looked into the minds of alumni everywhere:

"No graduate of the college," he said, "has ever paid in full what it cost the college to educate him. A part of the expense was borne by the funds given by former benefactors of the institution.

"A great many can never pay the debt. A very few can, in their turn, become munificent benefactors. There is a very large number, however, between these two, who cannot and would cheerfully, give according to their ability in order that the college might hold the same relative position to future generations which it held to their own."

The first Yale alumni drive, seventy years ago, brought in \$11,015. In 1959 alone, Yale's alumni gave more than \$2 million. Not only at Yale, but at the hundreds of other institutions which have established annual alumni funds in the intervening years, the feeling of indebtedness and the concern for future generations which the Yale professor foresaw have spurred alumni to greater and greater efforts in this enterprise.

AND MONEY FROM ALUMNI is a powerful magnet: it draws more. Not only have more than eighty business corporations, led in 1954 by General Electric, established the happy custom of matching, dollar for dollar, the gifts that their employees (and sometimes the employees' wives) give to their alma maters; alumni giving is also a measure applied by many business men and by philanthropic foundations in determining how productive *their* organizations' gifts to an educational institution are likely to be. Thus alumni giving, as Gordon K. Chalmers, the late president of Kenyon College, described it, is "the very rock on which all other giving must rest. Gifts from outside the family depend largely—sometimes wholly—on the degree of *alumni* support."

The "degree of alumni support" is gauged not by dollars alone. The percentage of alumni who are regular givers is also a key. And here the record is not as dazzling as the dollar figures imply.

Nationwide, only one in five alumni of colleges, universities, and prep schools gives to his annual alumni

ceived more of it from their alumni than
education's strongest financial rampart



and. The actual figure last year was 20.9 per cent. Allow-
ing for the inevitable few who are disenchanted with their
alma maters' cause,* and for those who spurn all fund
solicitations, sometimes with heavy scorn,† and for those
whom legitimate reasons prevent from giving financial
aid,§ the participation figure is still low.

WHY? Perhaps because the non-participants imag-
ine their institutions to be adequately financed.
(Virtually without exception, in both private and
tax-supported institutions, this is—sadly—not so.) Per-
haps because they believe their small gift—a dollar, or
five, or ten—will be insignificant. (Again, most emphati-
cally, not so. Multiply the 5,223,240 alumni who gave
nothing to their alma maters last year by as little as one
dollar each, and the figure still comes to thousands of
additional scholarships for deserving students or sub-
stantial pay increases for thousands of teachers who may,
at this moment, be debating whether they can afford to
continue teaching next year.)

By raising the percentage of participation in alumni
fund drives, alumni can materially improve their alma
maters' standing. That dramatic increases in participation
can be brought about, and quickly, is demonstrated by
the case of Wofford College, a small institution in South
Carolina. Until several years ago, Wofford received
annual gifts from only 12 per cent of its 5,750 alumni.
When Roger Milliken, a textile manufacturer and a Wof-
ford trustee, issued a challenge: for every percentage-
point increase over 12 per cent, he'd give \$1,000. After the
alumni were finished, Mr. Milliken cheerfully turned over
a check for \$62,000. Wofford's alumni had raised their
participation in the annual fund to 74.4 per cent—a new
national record.

"It was a remarkable performance," observed the
American Alumni Council. "Its impact on Wofford will
be felt for many years to come."

And what Wofford's alumni could do, your institution's
alumni could probably do, too.

* Wrote one alumnus: "I see that Stanford is making great prog-
ress. However, I am opposed to progress in any form. Therefore I
am not sending you any money."

† A man in Memphis, Tennessee, regularly sent Baylor University
check signed "U. R. Stuck."

§ In her fund reply envelope, a Kansas alumna once sent, without
comment, her household bills for the month.

memo: from Wives to Husbands

► Women's colleges, as a group, have had a unique
problem in fund-raising—and they wish they knew how
to solve it.

The loyalty of their alumnae in contributing money
each year—an average of 41.2 per cent took part in 1959
—is nearly double the national average for all universi-
ties, colleges, junior colleges, and privately supported
secondary schools. But the size of the typical gift is often
smaller than one might expect.

Why? The alumnae say that while husbands obviously
place a high value on the products of the women's col-
leges, many underestimate the importance of giving wom-
en's colleges the same degree of support they accord their
own alma maters. This, some guess, is a holdover from
the days when higher education for women was regarded
as a luxury, while higher education for men was consid-
ered a *sine qua non* for business and professional careers.

As a result, again considering the average, women's
colleges must continue to cover much of their operating
expense from tuition fees. Such fees are generally higher
than those charged by men's or coeducational institutions,
and the women's colleges are worried about the social and
intellectual implications of this fact. They have no desire
to be the province solely of children of the well-to-do;
higher education for women is no longer a luxury to be
reserved to those who can pay heavy fees.

Since contributions to education appear to be one area
of family budgets still controlled largely by men, the
alumnae hope that husbands will take serious note of the
women's colleges' claim to a larger share of it. They may
be starting to do so: from 1958 to 1959, the average gift
to women's colleges rose 22.4 per cent. But it still trails
the average gift to men's colleges, private universities, and
professional schools.



ERICH HARTMANN, MAGNUM

for the Public educational institutions, a special kind of service

PUBLICLY SUPPORTED educational institutions owe a special kind of debt to their alumni. Many people imagine that the public institutions have no financial worries, thanks to a steady flow of tax dollars. Yet they actually lead a perilous fiscal existence, dependent upon annual or biennial appropriations by legislatures. More than once, state and municipally supported institutions would have found themselves in serious straits if their alumni had not assumed a role of leadership.

► A state university in New England recently was put in academic jeopardy because the legislature defeated a bill to provide increased salaries for faculty members. Then

the university's "Associate Alumni" took matters into their hands. They brought the facts of political and academic life to the attention of alumni throughout the state, prompting them to write to their representatives in support of higher faculty pay. A compromise bill was passed and salary increases were granted. Alumni action thus helped ease a crisis which threatened to do serious, perhaps irreparable, damage to the university.

► In a neighboring state, the public university received only 38.3 per cent of its operating budget from state and federal appropriations. Ninety-one per cent of the university's \$17 million physical plant was provided by pri-



The Beneficiaries:

Students on a state-university campus. Alumni support is proving invaluable in maintaining high-quality education at such institutions.

te funds. Two years ago, graduates of its college of medicine gave \$226,752 for a new medical center—the largest amount given by the alumni of any American medical school that year.

Several years ago the alumni of six state-supported institutions in a midwestern state rallied support for a \$50 million bond issue for higher education, mental health, and welfare—an issue that required an amendment to the state constitution. Of four amendments on the ballot, it was the only one to pass.

In another midwestern state, action by an “Alumni Council for Higher Education,” representing eighteen publicly supported institutions, has helped produce a \$13 million increase in operating funds for 1959–61—the most significant increase ever voted for the state’s system of higher education.

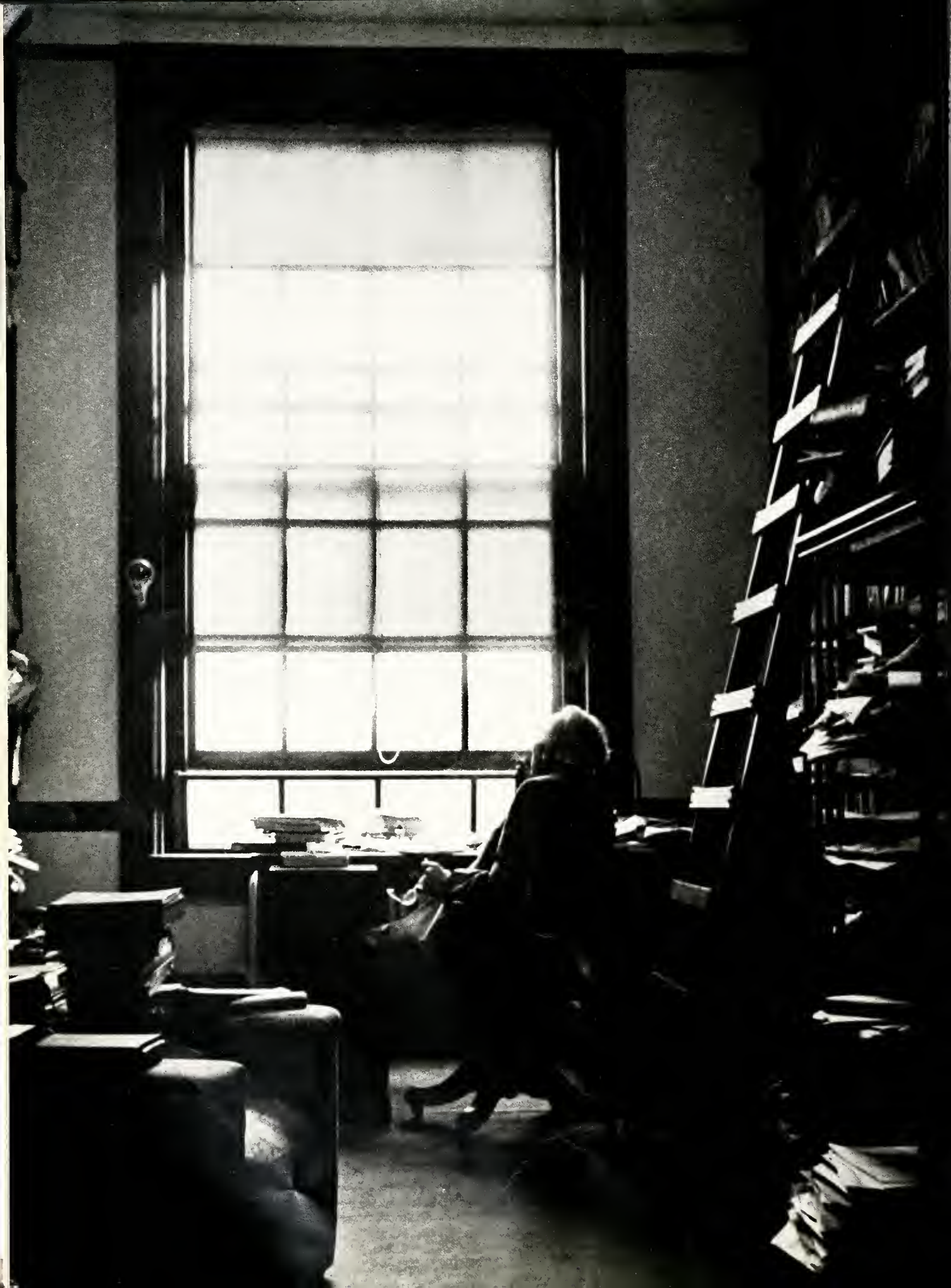
SOME ALUMNI ORGANIZATIONS are forbidden to engage in political activity of any kind. The intent is a good one: to keep the organizations out of party politics

and lobbying. But the effect is often to prohibit the alumni from conducting any organized legislative activity in behalf of publicly supported education in their states.

“This is unfair,” said a state-university alumni spokesman recently, “because this kind of activity is neither shady nor unnecessary.

“But the restrictions—most of which I happen to think are nonsense—exist, nevertheless. Even so, individual alumni can make personal contacts with legislators in their home towns, if not at the State Capitol. Above all, in their contacts with fellow citizens—with people who influence public opinion—the alumni of state institutions must support their alma maters to an intense degree. They must make it their business to get straight information and spread it through their circles of influence.

“Since the law forbids us to *organize* such support, every alumnus has to start this work, and continue it, on his own. This isn’t something that most people do naturally—but the education of their own sons and daughters rests on their becoming aroused and doing it.”



a matter of Principle

ANY WORTHWHILE INSTITUTION of higher education, one college president has said, lives "in chronic tension with the society that supports it." Says *the Campus and the State*, a 1959 survey of academic freedom in which that president's words appear: "New ideas always run the risk of offending entrenched interests within the community. If higher education is to be successful in its creative role it must be guaranteed some protection against reprisal. . ."

The peril most frequently is budgetary: the threat of appropriations cuts, if the unpopular ideas are not abandoned; the real or imagined threat of a loss of public—even alumni—sympathy.

Probably the best protection against the danger of reprisals against free institutions of learning is their alumni: alumni who understand the meaning of freedom and give their strong and informed support to matters of educational principle. Sometimes such support is available in abundance and offered with intelligence. Sometimes—almost always because of misconception or failure to be vigilant—it is not.

For example:

An alumnus of one private college was a regular and heavy donor to the annual alumni fund. He was known to have provided handsomely for his alma mater in his will. But when he questioned his grandson, a student at the college, he learned that an economics professor not only did not condemn, but actually discussed the necessity of increasing the national debt. Grandfather threatened to withdraw his support unless the professor ceased uttering such heresy or was fired. (The professor didn't and wasn't. The college is not yet certain where it stands in the gentleman's will.)

When no students from a certain county managed to meet the requirements for admission to a southwestern university's medical school, the county's angry delegate to the state legislature announced he was "out to get this county"—the vice president in charge of the university's medical affairs, who had staunchly backed the medical school's admissions committee. The board of trustees of the university, virtually all of whom were alumni, joined their alumni and the local chapter of the American

Association of University Professors to rally successfully to the v.p.'s support.

► When the president of a publicly supported institution recently said he would have to limit the number of students admitted to next fall's freshman class if high academic standards were not to be compromised, some constituent-fearing legislators were wrathful. When the issue was explained to them, alumni backed the president's position—decisively.

► When a number of institutions (joined in December by President Eisenhower) opposed the "disclaimer affidavit" required of students seeking loans under the National Defense Education Act, many citizens—including some alumni—assailed them for their stand against "swearing allegiance to the United States." The fact is, the disclaimer affidavit is *not* an oath of allegiance to the United States (which the Education Act also requires, but which the colleges have *not* opposed). Fortunately, alumni who took the trouble to find out what the affidavit really was apparently outnumbered, by a substantial majority, those who leaped before they looked. Coincidentally or not, most of the institutions opposing the disclaimer affidavit received more money from their alumni during the controversy than ever before in their history.

IN THE FUTURE, as in the past, educational institutions worth their salt will be in the midst of controversy. Such is the nature of higher education: ideas are its merchandise, and ideas new and old are frequently controversial. An educational institution, indeed, may be doing its job badly if it is *not* involved in controversy, at times. If an alumnus never finds himself in disagreement with his alma mater, he has a right to question whether his alma mater is intellectually awake or dozing.

To understand this is to understand the meaning of academic freedom and vitality. And, with such an understanding, an alumnus is equipped to give his highest service to higher education; to give his support to the principles which make higher education free and effectual.

If higher education is to prosper, it will need this kind of support from its alumni—tomorrow even more than in its gloriously stormy past.

ideas

are the merchandise of education, and every worthwhile educational institution must provide and guard the conditions for breeding them. To do so, they need the help and vigilance of their alumni.

Ahead:

ROLAND READ



The Art

of keeping intellectually alive for a lifetime will be fostered more than ever by a growing alumni-alma mater relationship.

WHITHER THE COURSE of the relationship between alumni and alma mater? At the turn into the Sixties, it is evident that a new and challenging relationship—of unprecedented value to both the institution and its alumni—is developing.

► *If alumni wish, their intellectual voyage can be continued for a lifetime.*

There was a time when graduation was the end. You got your diploma, along with the right to place certain initials after your name; your hand was clasped for an instant by the president; and the institution's business was done.

If you were to keep yourself intellectually awake, the No-Doz would have to be self-administered. If you were to renew your acquaintance with literature or science, the introductions would have to be self-performed.

Automation is still the principal driving force. The years in school and college are designed to provide the push and then the momentum to keep you going with your mind. "Madam, we guarantee results," wrote a college president to an inquiring mother, "—or we return the boy." After graduation, the guarantee is yours to maintain, alone.

Alone, but not quite. It makes little sense, many educators say, for schools and colleges not to do whatever they can to protect their investment in their students—which is considerable, in terms of time, talents, and money—and not to try to make the relationship between alumni and their alma maters a two-way flow.

As a consequence of such thinking, and of demands issuing from the former students themselves, alumni meetings of all types—local clubs, campus reunions—are taking on a new character. "There has to be a reason and a purpose for a meeting," notes an alumna. "Groups that meet for purely social reasons don't last long. Just because Mary went to my college doesn't mean I enjoy being with her socially—but I might well enjoy working with her in a serious intellectual project." Male alumni agree; there is a limit to the congeniality that can be maintained solely by the thin thread of reminiscences or small talk.

But there is no limit, among people with whom their

a new Challenge, a new relationship

education "stuck," to the revitalizing effects of learning. The chemistry professor who is in town for a chemists' conference and is invited to address the local chapter of the alumni association no longer feels he must talk about anything more weighty than the beauty of the campus grounds; his audience wants him to talk chemistry, and he is delighted to oblige. The engineers who return to school for their annual homecoming welcome the opportunity to bring themselves up to date on developments in and out of their specialty. Housewives back on the campus for unions demand—and get—seminars and short-courses. But the wave of interest in enriching the intellectual content of alumni meetings may be only a beginning. With more leisure at their command, alumni will have the time (as they already have the inclination) to undertake more intensive, regular educational programs.

If alumni demand them, new concepts in adult education may emerge. Urban colleges and universities may step up their offerings of programs designed especially for the alumni in their communities—not only their own alumni, but those of distant institutions. Unions and government and industry, already experimenting with graduate-education programs for their leaders, may find ways of giving sabbatical leaves on a widespread basis—and they may profit, in hard dollars-and-cents terms, from the results of such intellectual re-charging.

Colleges and universities, already overburdened with teaching as well as other duties, will need help if such dreams are to come true. But help will be found if the demand is insistent enough.

► *Alumni partnerships with their alma mater, in meeting ever-stiffer educational challenges, will grow even closer than they have been.*

Boards of overseers, visiting committees, and other partnerships between alumni and their institutions are moving, at many schools, colleges, and universities, to be channels through which the educators can keep in touch with the community at large and vice versa. Alumni trusts, elected by their fellow alumni, are found on the governing boards of more and more institutions. Alumni "without portfolio" are seeking ways to join with their alma maters in advancing the cause of education. The

representative of a West Coast university has noted the trend: "In selling memberships in our alumni association, we have learned that, while it's wise to list the benefits of membership, what interests them most is how they can be of service to the university."

► *Alumni can have a decisive role in maintaining high standards of education, even as enrollments increase at most schools and colleges.*

There is a real crisis in American education: the crisis of quality. For a variety of reasons, many institutions find themselves unable to keep their faculties staffed with high-caliber men and women. Many lack the equipment needed for study and research. Many, even in this age of high student population, are unable to attract the quality of student they desire. Many have been forced to dissipate their teaching and research energies, in deference to public demand for more and more extracurricular "services." Many, besieged by applicants for admission, have had to yield to pressure and enroll students who are unqualified.

Each of these problems has a direct bearing upon the quality of education in America. Each is a problem to which alumni can constructively address themselves, individually and in organized groups.

Some can best be handled through community leadership: helping present the institutions' case to the public. Some can be handled by direct participation in such activities as academic talent-scouting, in which many institutions, both public and private, enlist the aid of their alumni in meeting with college-bound high school students in their cities and towns. Some can be handled by making more money available to the institutions—for faculty salaries, for scholarships, for buildings and equipment. Some can be handled through political action.

The needs vary widely from institution to institution—and what may help one may actually set back another. Because of this, it is important to maintain a close liaison with the campus when undertaking such work. (Alumni offices everywhere will welcome inquiries.)

When the opportunity for aid does come—as it has in the past, and as it inevitably will in the years ahead—alumni response will be the key to America's educational future, and to all that depends upon it.

alumni- ship

JOHN MASEFIELD was addressing himself to the subject of universities. "They give to the young in their impressionable years the bond of a lofty purpose shared," he said; "of a great corporate life whose links will not be loosed until they die."

The links that unite alumni with each other and with their alma mater are difficult to define. But every alumnus and alumna knows they exist, as surely as do the campus's lofty spires and the ageless dedication of educated men and women to the process of keeping themselves and their children intellectually alive.

Once one has caught the spirit of learning, of truth, of probing into the undiscovered and unknown—the spirit of his alma mater—one does not really lose it, for as long as one lives. As life proceeds, the daily mechanics of living—of job-holding, of family-rearing, of mortgage-paying, of lawn-cutting, of meal-cooking—sometimes are tedious. But for them who have known the spirit of intellectual adventure and conquest, there is the bond of the lofty purpose shared, of the great corporate life whose links will not be loosed until they die.

This would be the true meaning of alumni-ship, were there such a word. It is the reasoning behind the great service that alumni give to education. It is the reason alma maters can call upon their alumni for responsible support of all kinds, with confidence that the responsibility will be well met.

THE ALUMNUS/A

The material on this and the preceding 12 pages was prepared in behalf of more than 350 schools, colleges, and universities in the United States, Canada, and Mexico by the staff listed below, who have formed EDITORIAL PROJECT FOR EDUCATION, INC., through which to perform this function. E.P.E., INC., is a non-profit organization associated with the American Alumni Council. The circulation of this supplement is 2,900,000.

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Worthy Notes...

HOME IS WHERE THE CAMPAIGN IS

PRESIDENT-EMERITUS McCain thinks that every student generation at Agnes Scott should have the experience of participating in a financial campaign, and he is fond of reminiscing about such former efforts.

This spring, the very atmosphere on the campus is imbued with campaigning, as the College launches its great effort. Dr. McCain also thinks that one of the College's campaign strengths is that we've always begun at home. This is true again: members of the college community contribute first toward the goal of \$4,500,000 (the campus campaign goal is \$75,000), and only after that do the campaign go to members of the Agnes Scott family beyond the campus, alumnae, parents, friends.

Jewelwyn Wilburn '19, head of the department of physical education, and Mary Hart Richardson '60, president of the Mortar Board, are co-chairmen of the campus campaign. They head an organization which encourages and describes (but does not put on artificial pressures) an individual to make a thoughtful, intelligent contribution in support of Agnes Scott's special brand of liberal arts education.

But no mundane description of the campus campaign organization can tell alumnae about the spirit pervading President Alston embodies this spirit, and from him comes more "catching" than the virus bug most of the campus community has entertained this spring. As I write this, I have just returned from the kickoff luncheon, a grand affair held in the gymnasium, where the genuineness of feeling for the College, not silly sentimentality, hit me with almost physical impact.

From the campus, the campaign goes on the road and will eventually reach approximately 45 geographic centers, where an alumna will be campaign chairman. Between now and June 30, campaigns will be held in Chattanooga, Tenn., Mrs. Sarah Stansell Felts '21, chair-

man; Memphis, Tenn., Mary C. Vinsant Grymes (Mrs. Herman, Jr.) '46, chairman; Nashville, Tenn., Anna Landress Cate (Mrs. William R.) '21, chairman; Columbia, S. C., Mary Ellen Whetsell Timmons (Mrs. James) '39, chairman; Greenville, S. C., Marjorie Wilson Ligon (Mrs. Langdon S., Jr.) '43, chairman; Raleigh, N. C., Ruth Anderson O'Neal (Mrs. Alan S.) '13, chairman.

Alumnae and their husbands living within a radius of fifty miles from each center will be invited to a special dinner given by the trustees of the college and the area chairman. Dr. Alston will speak, and a new movie about the college, in color, will be shown.

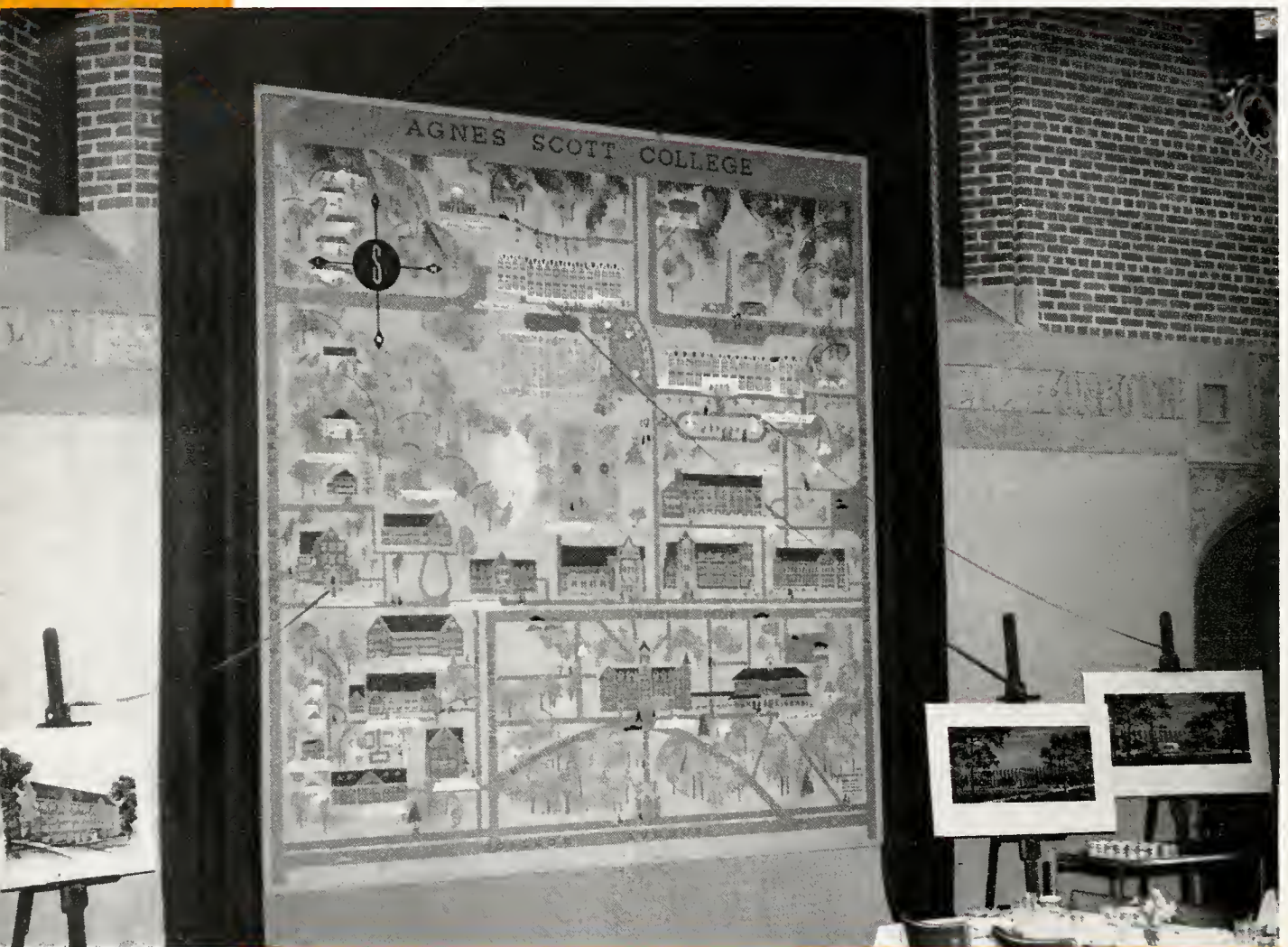
Meantime, the campaign hasn't quite swamped the campus as Agnes Scott heads towards the 71st Commencement. The campus campaign uses a space rocket as its theme, and another indication that we're living in the jet age was the request from two students to the faculty's Committee on Absences that they be allowed to return to college three days late in order to spend their spring holidays in Paris!

Blackfriars, May Day Committee, and Dance Group are combining talent and forces this spring to present a special production of Sophocles' *Electra*. This event is being called a May Festival, and there will be two performances, on the evenings of May 13 and 14, in Presser Hall.

For the Class of 1960, each of whom we will welcome into the ranks of alumnae, the speaker at the Baccalaureate service on June 5 will be John F. Anderson, Jr., from the First Presbyterian Church in Orlando, Fla., and the Commencement address on June 6 will be made by George V. Allen, Director, United States Information Agency.

Ann Worthy Johnson '38

MURAL SHOWS PROJECTED CAMPUS, 1964



For several months, art students under the direction of Ferdinand Warren, have worked on this mural, a flat map of the campus showing locations of permanent buildings, present and projected. The mural hangs now in the Dining Hall and will eventually hang, perhaps, in the new Fine Arts Building.

E SUMMER 1960

Agnes Scott

ALUMNAE QUARTERLY

Margaret Mead asks
**IS COLLEGE COMPATIBLE
WITH MARRIAGE?**

see page 10



THE Agnes Scott

SUMMER 1960 Vol. 38, No. 4
ALUMNAE QUARTERLY

Ann Worthy Johnson, *Editor*

Dorothy Weakley, *Assistant Editor*

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COVER :

Landshoff, staff photographer for *Mademoiselle* magazine, was on campus this spring taking shots of Agnes Scott students in fall fashions. His color picture on the cover shows students in the latest rain apparel. Frontispiece, *opposite*, concludes this year's series on Agnes Scott traditions—Commencement. *Photograph by Jim Brantley.*



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MEMBER OF AMERICAN ALUMNI COUNCIL



PRESIDENT ALSTON CONGRATULATES SENIOR AS DEAN KLINE ANNOUNCES GRADUATES.



*Hear ye, hear ye, here's your chance to read
about the campus campaign in this*

CAMPUS COMPENDIUM

*and about assorted activities, vintage 1959-60
from academic achievements to the
first "off-campus" dance*

Top right: President Alston, Chairman of the Board Smith, and Professor Emeritus McKinney concoct campaign launching fluid.

Center: Nancy Edwards '58 is the person behind the publicity at Agnes Scott.

Lower right: Rocket and campus campaign ready to be launched at campus community luncheon.



CAPE CANAVERAL had nothing on Agnes Scott this spring. For two weeks a space rocket was abuilding, using a cord of wood, a ton of tinfoil and gallons of pink-water launching fluid. As always, Agnes Scott's capital funds campaign was started on the campus.

True to its tradition, the Agnes Scott community felt that it must demonstrate its commitment to the 75th Anniversary Development Program before it went to a single off-campus person for support. W. Edward McNair, director of public relations and development and diligent overseer for the campaign, gives us progress report:

For many weeks a faculty-student committee, under the joint chairmanship of Llewellyn Wilburn '19 and Mortar Board President Mary Hart Richardson '60, worked on the plans. A goal of \$75,000 was set, and a special brochure from President Alston to parents requested them not to contribute through their daughters but to save their participation until their particular geographical area was organized.

The motif this time was shooting for the moon, and on April 5 a gala count-down luncheon was held in the gymnasium when "Project 75 Grand" was launched. For two weeks the campus was busy with "campaign activity." Seventy-eight workers under the leadership of class and fac-

ulty chairmen reached everybody in the student body and on the faculty and staff with the opportunity to participate.

The response was an overwhelming success. At the Victory Convocation on April 20, it was announced that the goal of \$75,000 had been oversubscribed by 40% and that the final campus total was \$106,451.

An anonymous donor had made available four challenge gifts of \$1,000 each to be added to the total of the class or classes scoring best in a competition in each of the following categories: (1) largest single gift, (2) total dollar volume, (3) highest percent of share givers, and (4) best imagination and skill in promotion. When the results were announced, the junior class had registered the largest number of share givers (gifts of \$50.00 or more per student), and the sophomores had taken top place in all the other categories. Of the total, \$51,581 was pledged by the faculty and staff.

Then on May 5 the campaign moved to alumnae, parents, and other off-campus friends. The first area dinner was in Memphis, Tennessee, under the leadership of Mary Catherine Vinsant Grymes (Mrs. Herman) '46. The group at this dinner had the pleasure of witnessing the premier public showing of "Quest

(Continued on next page)



At her reception, Mme. Pandit invites Jane Pepperdene and Jerry Meroney to visit India.

CAMPUS COMPENDIUM—Continued

for Greatness," Agnes Scott's new sound and color film.

The second area dinner was in Chattanooga on May 9, under the direction of Mrs. Sarah Stansell Felts '21. Then in the following week on four consecutive evenings dinners were held in Nashville, Tennessee; Columbia, South Carolina; Greenville, South Carolina; and Raleigh, North Carolina. President Alston spoke at each dinner, and "Quest for Greatness" was shown; however, each event was distinctive and different from its counterpart in other areas. For example, in Columbia, the tables were decorated with beautiful arrangements of roses grown by an Agnes Scott son-in-law, Dr. S. L. Bumgardner, husband of Keller Henderson Bumgardner '53, and appropriately in each arrangement was one lovely pink Catherine Marshall rose. In Greenville the chairman had notepaper available so that any who desired might then and there drop a note to Dean Emeritus S. G. Stukes who at the last minute was prevented from attending the dinner. Mr. Hal L. Smith, national chairman of the campaign and chairman of the Agnes Scott Board of Trustees, attended the Nashville dinner and spoke briefly. In Raleigh, Ruth Anderson O'Neal (Mrs. Alan S.) '18 used the college colors in the decorations for the Elizabeth Room of the Sir Walter Hotel where the dinner was held, and in Chattanooga, students from Chattanooga

High School provided music while dinner was being served. So one might go on. Each meeting was a delight to experience.

Many thanks go not only to the three chairmen already mentioned but to the other four who have also rendered great service to the college: Anna Landress Cate (Mrs. William B.) '21 and Florence Ellis Gifford (Mrs. John P.) '41 in Nashville, Mary Ellen Whetsell Timmons (Mrs. James M.) '39 in Columbia, and Marjorie Wilson Ligon (Mrs. Langdon S., Jr.), '43 in Greenville.

As this account is written, all the areas except one are in the midst of their solicitation. Early reports are encouraging, and it is hoped that by the end of June each area will have completed its work with success. One area, Chattanooga, has finished its solicitation and has gone over the top on its goal!

During September, October, and November the campaign will move to twelve more centers, and in the first five months of 1961 twenty additional areas will become involved in Agnes Scott's great Seventy-fifth Anniversary Development Program. Moreover, the Atlanta effort will be launched in February and carried forward in March.

Thanks to the loyal work of many, the campaign has had a fine beginning. Agnes Scott is confident that this loyalty and devotion will be a recurring pattern in every area to which the campaign goes.

Pandit—India's Answer

Believe it or not, things other than The Campaign have occurred this year at Agnes Scott. Students and faculty need some special praise for their academic accomplishment achieved along with the campaign. From Nancy Edwards '58, the College's competent assistant director of public relations, who directs Agnes Scott's publicity program, we've gathered campus news for alumnae.

Lecture Association, which, by the way expands next year and becomes Lecture Committee, brought to Agnes Scott Mme. Vijaya Lakshmi Pandit, India's High Commissioner in London, sister of Prime Minister Nehru. She was the first woman to be elected president of the United Nations General Assembly, and her lecture was primarily a plea for better understanding between East and West. She said that India was misunderstood because East and West do not think alike; the Western mind "wants everything in black and white, but the Asian sees shades." She summed up rather well the difficulties of U. S. Indian relations by her comment that "we are badly explained to each other." And she stressed that India's international obligation was, to her, ever to serve as a "bridge" between the divided East and West.

Liberal Arts, Anyone?

Faculty members from Agnes Scott and 28 other liberal arts colleges have been invited by the Danforth Foundation to participate in a Campus Community Workshop at Colorado Springs. Representing Agnes Scott will be Dean C. Benton Kline, Dr. Mary L. Boney (Bible), Dr. Miriam K. Drucker (psychology), and Dr. Ellen Douglass Leyburn (English). The heart of the workshop will be a series of seminars on educational problems. Areas to be explored by the Agnes Scott faculty are the liberal arts curriculum, evaluation, values, counseling, contemporary issues, humanities, social sciences and scientific ideas. Exciting conversations about those subjects have been held by many faculty members here during the spring, and those who attend the workshop will bring

us more ideas. The *Quarterly* will report on this for alumnae next year.

Speak Louder!

Even the Board of Trustees has made decisions on matters other than campaign plans—they've spent long and fruitful hours on the latter. At their May meeting, they approved, upon the recommendation of the Academic Council, the establishment, at long last, of a Department of Speech, which is news to brighten hearts of alumnae who've wanted this. The work in speech has sometimes been lost academically in the work of the English Department. There will not be a major in speech, but this move will better recognize this portion of the fine arts in the liberal arts curriculum. Dr. Roberta Winter and Miss Elvena Green are the two faculty members in the new department.

Garlands of Laurels

The gathering of academic laurels has seemed the special province of the Class of 1960—judged even by the "normal" Agnes Scott standards in this basic area of life here. There were 15 members of the class elected to Phi Beta Kappa, the largest number we can recall. And over 25 seniors did independent study in as many areas. One of these, Suellen Beverly, from Charlotte, N. C., chairman of May Day Committee, literally immersed herself this year in Sophocles' "Electra" (she said that she read the play at least 60 times) and acted as consultant for its magnificent production this spring by Blackfriars and Dance Group, in lieu of traditional May Day.

And the Class of 1960 has re-

ceived particular academic recognition in the numerous awards made for graduate study. Woodrow Wilson Fellows next year are Joanna Flowers, Kinston, N. C., Elizabeth Lunz, Charleston, S. C., and Martha Thomas, Asheville, N. C. Joanna also received a Fulbright scholarship and will use this to study German literature at the University of Tuebingen, Germany. Elizabeth will be at Duke University, doing graduate work in English. Martha, who was awarded the Woodrow Wilson fellowship at the end of her junior year, will be at Bryn Mawr next year doing graduate work in classical languages and literature. She was the Stukes Scholar this year in the Senior Class and has received a special award, the only one given in the nation, of a grant for summer study in Europe given by Eta Sigma Phi, honorary classics society, and she is attending the American Classical School in Rome, Italy. Two other Fulbright scholars are Mary Hart Richardson, Roanoke, Va., who will have a year at the University College of Wales, Akerystwyth, studying modern Welsh literature, and Anne Whisnant, Charlotte, N. C., who will do advanced work in French literature at the University of Lille, France. Shannon Cumming, daughter of Shannon Preston '30, Nashville, Tenn., has been awarded a graduate assistantship in biology from Washington University, St. Louis, Mo., and Martha Young, daughter of Annie Whitehead '33, has received the same type of award in chemistry from Pennsylvania State University. Charlotte King, Charlottesville, Va., will enter medical school in the fall

on a 4-year scholarship at the Woman's Medical College, Philadelphia, Pa.

Activity Potpourri

Following a national trend, four students plan to spend the junior year abroad next year. Nelia Adams, Willow Springs, N. C. and Sue Amidon, Woodbury, Conn., will study in Munich, Germany, through a program sponsored by Wagner State University, Detroit, Mich. Edith Hanna, daughter of Virginia Sevier Hanna '27, Spartanburg, S. C., will be in Scotland continuing work in her major field, biology, at the University of Edinburgh. Ann Gale Hershberger, Lynchburg, Va., a French major, will be in France on the Sweet Briar College Junior-Year-Abroad Program.

Student activities ranged from the first "off-campus" dance for Agnes Scott to a petition to Georgia's 125th General Assembly. The dance, sponsored by the Junior Class which gave up its annual "Junior Jaunt" for the campaign's sake, was held—and held beautifully—at an Atlanta hotel. The petition states, in part: "We, the following 426 students of Agnes Scott College, 28% of whom are residents of 41 counties in Georgia, respectfully urge the Senate and the House of Representatives to do whatever is necessary to assure the uninterrupted operation of the public schools of all Georgia. As citizens, future parents and teachers, we are convinced that continuous public education is essential to the intellectual and emotional well-being of all the people, adults as well as children, and to the economic health of the state."

Ellen Douglass Leyburn, Miriam K. Drucker, Mary L. Boney, C. Benton Kline will dissect liberal arts colleges in summer workshop.





Bella Wilson Lewis '34.

*The Alumnae Association's immediate
past-president presents pleasing discourse*

ON BEING AN ALUMNA

AGNES SCOTT ALUMNAE live in places like Los Angeles, New Orleans, Garden City, New York, Winnetka, Illinois, Seoul, Korea. London, the Belgian Congo, or Decatur, Georgia. We write about the Far East for the N. Y. Times, we do Public Health work in Iran, we practice law in Washington, D. C., we do medical research at Duke, we teach high school English in Tucker, Georgia. Like many other educated women today, we engage in housewifery, caring for families, educating children, and we participate actively in church and community affairs.

Diverse as we are, what do we have in common as alumnae? Each one of us, whether we intend to or not, interprets Agnes Scott to our community. We stand for quality education. We have worked under dedi-

cated teachers who jolted us out of our complacency, forced us to do some thinking for ourselves, encouraged a life-long love of learning.

Does Agnes Scott still keep up its high standards, we wonder, as we feel ourselves far removed from campus life. Because we are caught up in family, professional and community life, we find answers to this question coming to us chiefly by mail, with only an occasional glimpse of a faculty member, or a quick trip back for reunion. Even though we are away from "the sheltering arms" we can keep up to date on what happens at Agnes Scott because of the lines of communication kept open by fellow alumnae. Every year a group of them give part of their time to join forces with professional staff members to see that we get current

news of our friends, articles to stimulate our thinking, and real life glimpses of the College. These alumnae represent us. Because of geographic limitations some of us cannot take our turn on the Alumna Board or take part in local alumna club activities, but even those of us who live in Alaska get mail! We have a chance to ask questions or offer suggestions to our regional vice president, or our class president, as well as to the office staff or alumna president. The mail comes to us as well as goes from the Alumnae House.

Informed interpreters

Our representatives on the Alumnae Board work with the office staff to keep us *intelligently informed interpreters* of Agnes Scott. During the past two years these representatives have done some reflecting on just what their years at Agnes Scott meant to them as individuals. They have done all they could to learn about the present day work of the College. They have renewed contact with professors they enjoyed and met some of the new ones; they have returned to the campus to hear Madam Pandit or Robert Frost, or to see Blackfriars' version of "Electra," or to hear Mr. McDowell play; they have looked up students from their home towns or invited their roommate's daughter to dinner. They have juggled their schedules of home job, and community work to attend meetings to make policies, to discuss problems of communication; they have written letters—many with personal notes; they have planned details for Alumnae House improvement, party food for freshmen or vocational information for students. If they happened to be vice-presidents, they broke away from job and families to come to the campus for orientation. They talked with faculty and administration and had a chance to meet in person some of the present generation of "Scotties." Each one of these volunteers has given to her particular job the skill and imagination that is hers. "Unlike most volunteer workers," says our nominations chairman, "these people do not have to be drafted—they are glad to serve if they can possibly

range to do so." What a delight is to work with people who have such enthusiasm, initiative and dedication! They are truly our representatives, for we are the same kind of people. In the approximately forty-five areas organized to present Agnes Scott to the public in this campaign year, we are the intelligently formed interpreters of the College to our community, serving with the same dedication as our representatives on the Alumnae Board. Why do we keep on being interested in Agnes Scott? Private colleges are more and more dependent on those who believe in the kind of education they provide. Since we can be intimately in the work of only a few institutions giving education of high quality, we naturally feel drawn to one we know well—one which continues to develop the qualities we value without losing the tangibles we cherish.

Meaning of "private college"

Perhaps the words "private college" are too impersonal. To us the "college" is the individual girls who compose the student body and the men and women who guide their development. We are concerned with what the College enterprise means to each one of them as a person, and with what each of them in turn will mean to countless others whose lives they will touch in the future.

But after all, the real reason for our interest lies deeper still. It is not just a general interest in education. To tell the truth, we continue to be interested in Agnes Scott because we simply cannot help it! We cannot forget the high spiritual and intellectual stimulation that surrounded us and sometimes penetrated. We cannot forget that Agnes Scott was a place which helped us to "express and live up to the special excellence that is in us." We cannot help wanting to have a share in continuing and expanding for others the kind of experience that has done so much to shape our own lives.

Who are we who are Agnes Scott alumnae? What is it that binds us together? "Through our great good fortune, in our youth our hearts were touched with fire."



Dr. Alston presents Dr. Mell a gift from faculty friends.

MISS MELL RETIRES

MISS MILDRED RUTHERFORD MELL retired at Commencement after 22 years as professor of economics and sociology. But, as Dr. Alston says, the campus is not really losing her, since she will be close by at her home in Decatur. For the last four years Miss Mell has served as Chairman of Lecture Association, bringing to Agnes Scott such outstanding people as Sir John Gielgud, Margaret Mead (see p. 10), Madame Pandit, Arnold Toynbee, the Canadian Players, and "our own" Robert Frost. Miss Mell says, "Looking back, I'd say I enjoyed the excitement of getting suitable lecturers and keeping them happy as much as I enjoyed their talks."

So, what could be more fitting to honor Miss Mell than the establishment of the Mell Lecture Fund? President Alston announced recently that the College had set up this fund to provide an annual lecture—alumnae may designate campaign contributions to the Mell Lecture Fund.

The 1960 *Silhouette* is dedicated to Miss Mell, with these words:

The embodiment of intellectual achievement and dignity
Discerning direction of Lecture Association
Presenting social and economic theories
Challenging advanced students to continue work in
new wide open fields
Leaving Agnes Scott a tradition of and heritage of
a meaningful search for knowledge

Anthropologist Margaret Mead came to Agnes Scott to lecture in 1956. She is America's best-known woman scientist, a prolific writer, world traveler, and fascinating delineator of native culture both at home and abroad. Dr. Mead holds a degree from Barnard and two from Columbia. She is now associate curator of ethnology of the American Museum of Natural History, New York, and adjunct professor of anthropology at Columbia. A past president of the World Federation of Mental Health, she is current president of the American Anthropological Association. After reading this article, you might like to peruse some of her ten books. *Coming of Age in Samoa* is now a classic, and two published in 1959 are *An Anthropologist at Work* and *People and Places*.



The answer is a resounding, unequivocal No!—

particularly for women in our culture today.

The problem Dr. Mead propounds asks

IS COLLEGE COMPATIBLE WITH MARRIAGE?

ALL OVER the United States, undergraduate marriages are increasing, not only in the municipal colleges and technical schools, which have been granted a workaday world in which learning is mostly training to make a living, but also on the green campuses once sacred to a more leisurely pursuit of knowledge.

Before we become too heavily committed to this trend, it may be wise to pause and question why it has developed, what it means, and whether it endangers the value of undergraduate education as we have known it.

The full-time college, in which a student is free for four years to continue the education begun in earlier years, is only one form of higher education. Technical schools, non-residence municipal colleges, junior colleges, extension schools which offer preparation for professional work on a part-time and indefinitely extended basis, institutions which welcome adults for a single course at any age: all

of these are "higher," or at least "later," education. Their proliferation has tended to obscure our view of the college itself and what it means.

But the university, as it is called in Europe—the college, as it is often called here—is essentially quite different from "higher education" that is only later, or more, education. It is, in many ways, a prolongation of the freedom of childhood; it can come only once in a lifetime and at a definite stage of development, after the immediate trials of puberty and before the responsibilities of full adulthood.

The university student is a unique development of our kind of civilization, and a special pattern is set for those who have the ability and the will to devote four years to exploring the civilization of which they are a part. This self-selected group (and any other method than self-selection is doomed to failure) does not include all of the most able, the most skilled, or the most gifted in our society. It includes, rather, those who are willing to accept four more years of an intellectual and

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Is College Compatible with Marriage?

—Continued

psychological moratorium, in which they explore, test, meditate, discuss, passionately espouse, and passionately repudiate ideas about the past and the future. The true undergraduate university is still an "as-if" world in which the student need not commit himself yet. For this is a period in which it is possible not only to specialize but to taste, if only for a semester, all the possibilities of scholarship and science, of great commitment, and the special delights to which civilized man has access today.

Once in a lifetime freedom

One of the requirements of such a life has been freedom from responsibility. Founders and administrators of universities have struggled through the years to provide places where young men, and more recently young women, and young men and women together, would be free—in a way they can never be free again—to explore before they settle on the way their lives are to be lived.

This freedom once, as a matter of course, included freedom from domestic responsibilities—from the obligation to wife and children or to husband and children. True, it was often confused by notions of propriety: married women and unmarried girls were believed to be improper dormitory companions, and a trace of the monastic tradition that once forbade dons to marry lingered on in our men's colleges. But essentially the prohibition of undergraduate marriage was part and parcel of our belief that marriage entails responsibility.

A student may live on a crust in a garret and sell his clothes to buy books; a father who does the same thing is a very different matter. An unmarried girl may prefer scholarship to clerking in an office; as the wife of a future nuclear physicist or judge of the Supreme Court—or possibly of the research worker who will find a cure for cancer—she acquires a duty to give up her own delighted search for knowledge and to help put her husband through professional school. If, additionally, they have a child or so, both sacrifice—she her whole

intellectual interest, he all but the absolutely essential professional grind to "get through" and "get established." As the undergraduate years come to be primarily not a search for knowledge and individual growth, but a suitable setting for the search for a mate, the proportion of full-time students who are free to give themselves the four irreplaceable years is being steadily whittled down.

Should we move so far away from the past that all young people, whether in college, in technical school, or as apprentices, expect to be married and partially or wholly, to be supported by parents and society while they complete their training for this complex world? Should undergraduates be considered young adults, and should the privileges and responsibilities of mature young adults be theirs whether they are learning welding or Greek, bookkeeping or physics, dressmaking or calculus? Whether they are rich or poor? Whether they come from educated homes or from homes without such interests? Whether they look forward to the immediate gratifications of private life or to a wider and deeper role in society?

Learning + earning = 0

As one enumerates the possibilities, the familiar cry, "But this is democracy," interpreted as treating all alike no matter how different they may be, assaults the ear. Is it in fact a privilege to be given full adult responsibilities at eighteen or at twenty to be forced to choose someone as a lifetime mate before one has found out who one is, oneself—to be forced somehow to combine learning with earning? Not only the question of who is adult, and when, but of the extent to which a society forces adulthood on its young people, arises here.

Civilization, as we know it, was preceded by a prolongation of the learning period—first biologically, by slowing down the process of physical maturation and by giving to children many long, long years for many long, long thoughts; then socially, by developing special institutions in which young people, still protected and supported, were free to explore the past and dream of the future. May it not be a new barbarism to force them to marry so soon?

"Force" is the right word. The mothers who worry about boys and girls who don't begin dating in high school start the process. By the time young people reach college, pressuring parents are joined by college administrators, by advisers and counselors and deans, by student-made rules about exclusive possession of a girl twice dated by the same boy, by the preference of employers for a boy who has demonstrated a tenacious intention of becoming a settled married man. Students who wish to marry may feel they are making magnificent, revolutionary bids for adulthood and responsibility; yet, if one listens to their pleas, one hears only the reiterated roster of the "others"—schoolmates, classmates, and friends—who are "already married."

Parental fears prevalent

The picture of embattled academic institutions valiantly but vainly attempting to stem a flood of undergraduate marriages is ceasing to be true. College presidents have joined the matchmakers. Those who head our one-sex colleges worry about transportation or experiment gingerly with ways in which girls or boys can be integrated into academic life so that they'll stay on the campus on weekends. Recently the president of one of our good, small, liberal arts colleges explained to me, apologetically, "We still have to have rules because, you see, we don't have enough married-student housing." The implication was obvious: the ideal would be a completely married undergraduate body, hopefully at a time not far distant.

With this trend in mind, we should examine some of the premises involved. The lower-class mother hopes her daughter will marry before she is pregnant. The parents of a boy who is a shade gentler or more interested in art than his peers hope their son will marry as soon as possible and be "normal." Those who taught GI's after the last two wars and enjoyed their maturity join the chorus and insist that marriage is steady: married students study harder and get better grades. The worried leaders of one-sex colleges note how their undergraduates seem younger, "less mature," or more underdeveloped than those at the big educational universities. They worry also about

the tendency of girls to leave at the end of their sophomore year for "wider experience"—a simple euphemism for "men to marry."

And parents, who are asked to contribute what they would have contributed anyway so that the young people may marry, fear—sometimes consciously and sometimes unconsciously—that the present uneasy peacetime will not last, that depression or war will overtake their children as it overtook them. They push their children at ever younger ages, in Little Leagues and eighth-grade proms, to act out—quickly, before it is too late—the adult dreams that may be interrupted. Thus they too consent, connive, and plan toward the earliest possible marriages for both daughters and sons.

Undergraduate marriages have not been part of American life long enough for us to be certain what the effect will be. But two ominous trends can be noted.

One is the "successful" student marriage, often based on a high-school choice which both sets of parents have applauded because it assured an appropriate mate with the right background, and because it made the young people settle down. If not a high-school choice, then the high-school pattern is repeated: finding a girl who will go steady, dating her exclusively, and letting the girl propel the boy toward a career choice which will make early marriage possible.

Breadth of vision losses

These young people have no chance to find themselves in college because they have clung to each other so exclusively. They can take little advantage of college as a broadening experience, and they often show less breadth of vision as seniors than they did as freshmen. They marry, either as undergraduates or immediately upon graduation, have children in quick succession, and retire to the suburbs to have more children—bulwarking a choice made before either was differentiated as a human being. Help from both sets of parents, begun in the undergraduate marriage or after commencement day, perpetuates their immaturity. At thirty they are still immature and dependent, their

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Is College Compatible with Marriage?

—Continued

future mortgaged for twenty or thirty years ahead, neither husband nor wife realizing the promise that a different kind of undergraduate life might have enabled each to fulfill.

Such marriages are not failures, in the ordinary sense. They are simply wasteful of young, intelligent people who might have developed into differentiated and conscious human beings. But with four or five children, the husband firmly tied to a job which he would not dare to leave, any move toward further individual development in either husband or wife is a threat to the whole family. It is safer to read what both agree with (or even not to read at all and simply look at TV together), attend the same clubs, listen to the same jokes—never for a minute relaxing their possession of each other, just as when they were teen-agers.

Such a marriage is a premature imprisonment of young people, before they have had a chance to explore their own minds and the minds of others, in a kind of desperate, devoted symbiosis. Both had college educations, but the college served only as a place in which to get a degree and find a mate from the right family background, a background which subsequently swallows them up.

The second kind of undergraduate marriage is more tragic. Here, the marriage is based on the boy's promise and the expendability of the girl. She, at once or at least as soon as she gets her bachelor's degree, will go to work at some secondary job to support her husband while he finishes his degree. She supports him faithfully and becomes identified in his mind with the family that has previously supported him, thus underlining his immature status. As soon as he becomes independent, he leaves her. That this pattern occurs between young people who seem ideally suited to each other suggests that it was the period of economic dependency that damaged the marriage relationship, rather than any intrinsic incompatibility in the original choice.

Both types of marriage, the "successful" and the "unsuccessful," emphasize the key issue: the

tie between economic responsibility and marriage in our culture. A man who does not support himself is not yet a man, and a man who is supported by his wife or lets his parents support his wife is also only too likely to feel he is not a man. The GI students' success actually supports this position: they had earned their GI stipend, as men, in their country's service. With a basic economic independence they could study, accept extra help from their families, do extra work, and still be good students and happy husbands and fathers.

There are, then, two basic conclusions. One is that under any circumstances a full student life is incompatible with early commitment and domesticity. The other is that it is incompatible only under conditions of immaturity. Where the choice has been made maturely, and where each member of the pair is doing academic work which deserves full support, complete economic independence should be provided. For other types of student marriage, economic help should be refused.

Meager intellectual life

This kind of discrimination would remove the usual dangers of parent-supported, wife-supported and too-much-work-supported student marriages. Married students, male and female, making full use of their opportunities as undergraduates would have the right to accept from society this extra time to become more intellectually competent people. Neither partner would be so tied to a part time job that relationships with other students would be impaired. By the demands of high scholarship, both would be assured of continued growth that comes from association with other high-caliber students as well as with each other.

But even this solution should be approached with caution. Recent psychological studies, especially those of Piaget, have shown how essential and precious is the intellectual development of the early post-pubertal years. It may be that any domesticity takes the edge off the eager, flaming curiosity on which we must depend for the great steps that Man must take, and take quickly, if he and all living things are to continue on this earth.



Miss Preston shows Miss McKinney a student book collection in the library.

"...BRING ME SOME IDEAS"

*Competition for the
1960 McKinney Book Award
was as keen as Miss McKinney's mind.*

MISS MARY LOUISE MCKINNEY, professor emeritus of English, now 92 years old, said recently to a beloved friend and former student, Janef Preston '21. "Janef, will you bring me some ideas?" With a twinkle in her eye and her voice she reported that she'd recently read this quip: "People with minds talk about ideas; people without minds talk about people."

It was to honor Miss McKinney and her vitality of mind (see p. 5), expressed even yet through her voracious reading, that the McKinney Book Award has been established at Agnes Scott. It is given annually for the best collection of books made by a student, judged by a faculty committee. This year seven collections were entered in competition, and judging was difficult. The books must be "owned" with the heart and mind as well as physically, as revealed in the interviews each con-

testant has with the judges. The 1960 award went to sophomore Peggy McGeachy (sister of Lila McGeachy Ray '59).

Miss Preston makes arrangements for the award each year, and she would like to suggest that alumnae who may be particularly concerned with the fostering of good reading designate a portion of their campaign contribution to the McKinney Book Award Fund. The cost of books has risen sharply—what hasn't?—since 1932 when the award was first given. Also, Miss Preston would like to be able to recognize good collections other than the winning one with second or third place prizes. Miss McKinney has kept the records of students receiving the award; there are three blank years she'd like to fill; if any of you reading this should remember, please write the Alumnae Office:

Year	Winner	Honorable Mention
1932	Virginia Prettyman '34	
1933		
1934		
1935		
1936	Julia Sewell '39	
1937	Elizabeth Warden '38	
1938	Mary Anne Kernan '38	Ann Worthy Johnson '38
1939	Henrietta Blackwell '39	
1940	Carolyn Forman '40	Frances Breg '41 Nicole Giard '41
1941	Pattie Patterson '41	Elaine Stubbs '41 Claire Purcell '42
1942	Anastasia Carlos '44	Mary Olive Thomas '42
1943	Laura Cumming '43	*Sara Jean Clark '46
1944	Shirley Graves '46	Ceevah Rosenthal '45 Frances DuBose '46
1945	Marie Beeson '47	Virginia Bowie '45 Beth Daniel '45

1946	Marybeth Little '48	*Ruth Simpson '46 Angela Pardington '47
1947	Angela Pardington '47	
1948	Hunt Morris '49	Martha Stowell '50
1949	Kate Durr Elmore '49	
1950	Camille Watson '52	
1951	Ellen Hull '51	
1952	Caroline Crea '52	Mary Lee Hunnicutt '52
1953	Belle Miller '53	
1954	Caroline Reinero '54	
1955	Vera Williamson '56	
1956	Betty Sue Kennedy '58	
1957	Lea Kallman '58	
1958	Nancy Kimmel '58	
1959	Frances Broom '59	Sally Sanford '59
1960	Peggy McGeachy '62	Esther Thomas '61

*Deceased





A visit to a naval base in the South Pacific features a chorus of hula dancers.

A beatnik coffee house has among its clients dancers George Hoyes and Koy Manuel.

Faculty Play

'THE DEVIL TO PAY'

*Unique dramatic production reveals
faculty of hidden talents*

The drama opens with the crowning of "Maybe" Queen Scondrett. Word bearers W. Edward McNair and C. Benton Kline wait gollontly while Laura Steele receives the crown from crown bearer Henry Robinson.



tourists on the moon, under the chaperonage of Miss Gaylord, meet on an unexpected visitor—Air Force officer Timothy Miller.

William G. Cornelius plays the role of a dissatisfied college professor who sells his soul to the devil.



ABOUT THE AUTHOR: Someone recently said about Eliza: "She's redacting the world and rearing three children, too—she needs help!" She, Suzanne, 13, Jan, 11, and Amy, 9, are living in a make-da world at the moment while their home is being rebuilt—fire destroyed it in late April, just a year after her husband, Walter Paschall's death. Eliza has accomplished myriad things since graduating from Agnes Scott (Phi Beta Kappa), but her main contribution is speaking out for her community—Atlanta, Georgia, U.S.A., the World. This article is reprinted from the May, 1960 *Atlantic Monthly*.

*Quibble you may with the inevitability
of integration but not with the quality of
this literate, trenchant statement of*



A Southern Point of View

By ELIZA KING PASCHALL '38

IT is common practice among Southern spokesmen to refer to the "Southern point of view." Our capitol in Atlanta resounds with speeches which say that all Georgians agree. And it is always stated or implied that what they all agree on is that our present system of a legally racially segregated society is best.

With the threat of closed public schools, it has now become "realistic" to admit that, though there may still be doubt as to the jurisdiction of the U. S. Supreme Court over the state of Georgia,

we should act as though the jurisdiction were legal rather than shut down all our schools. It has become "courageous" to accept token integration rather than have our children denied schools. And with this realism and this courage, it is made quite clear that we go against the Southern point of view.

I am a Southerner. From *my* point of view, not only does the U. S. Supreme Court have jurisdiction over Georgia, but the school decision was the correct one. Our schools are separate but not equal and even if they were, legal racial segregation has

no place in a democracy. It is a hangover from slavery. Historically it can be explained in the South, but it cannot be justified from my Southern point of view.

Justification by comparison

I am tired of justification by comparison. "But it is really so much worse in the North. Look at Chicago. And what about South Africa?" I do not let my standards of morality by what others do, in the North or in Chicago or in South Africa. I let them by what I believe in my heart, and I do believe in my heart that segregation is a disease that infects all parts of a being, human or political. It is a germ from which I should like to protect my children as much as possible, regardless of its virulence in other places.

My Southern point of view cannot accept the argument that a school board increases its effectiveness in administering a law by ignoring it until forced to obey by a court order. "They had to wait until court action, and they had to contest the suit,"

I am told. Why? I do not see that reluctance to enforce the law necessarily increases public support for those who are finally forced to abide by the law, or that it increases respect for other laws among adults or among youths.

"Realistic liberals"

I have heard these officials defended by those who "do not believe in segregation either" on the grounds that ignoring the law is a necessary political move, presumably to gain support of those citizens who prefer that the law be disobeyed. The implication is that the majority of citizens fall into this category. But I believe that there are many Southerners who expect their public officials to honor their oath to uphold the Constitution of the United States.

I do not agree with the "realistic liberals," who daily play the game which has as its primary rule: "To be influential you must stay in the group. What influence do we have if we constantly yield to the pressure of 'This is not the time. It would cause trouble'?" Above all else, the group says, one must not cause trouble. The chorus goes like this: "We

would have no objections, but others might. We might lose members. We might lose business. We might lose an organization." They never seem to consider that by positive action we might gain a soul, and there are many lost souls in the South today.

I resent the time and effort this problem which we create for ourselves takes from constructive efforts to solve more demanding problems that are not of our making. At every point in the life of the community, these questions rise to plague us. Shall we admit Negroes? Where could we meet? Whom would we offend? The easy way out is to say that the Negroes prefer it this way, and that they do not want to come to our affairs. I do not presume to know the minds of any group of citizens. No doubt many Negroes would not be interested. But I would let any citizen choose to participate or not according to his interests, not according to law or class.

Let me list from my personal experience a few examples of the dilemma facing liberals.

Personal experience

We have elected a Negro to the board of education, but it is difficult for civic groups to arrange meetings at places to which all members of the board may be admitted. The resources of a state educational institution are at the disposal of citizens in planning community projects if only the white population of the community participates. A United Fund agency has a fine International Club, where foreign students are invited to come and meet American students. Negro students are invited if they are from foreign countries, but not if they are Americans. In this instance, American birth seems to be a liability.

A local civic group interested in international affairs votes to affiliate with a national organization, a member of the national board of which is a local resident. He is also a college president and a Negro. He is expected not to attend local meetings. (He hardly would have time anyway, inasmuch as he travels a great deal representing our country on foreign missions.)

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A Southern Point of View

—Continued

And what about private lives? There is no law that I know of regulating whom I may have in my home, but here in the South one always wonders about what the neighbors will think. "Will they understand?" Understand what? That I like some people and not others, but not on the basis of the color of their hair, or their eyes, or their skin? That I want my children to have an opportunity to know other Americans, as well as visitors from India, Pakistan, Germany, and Australia? At our local, integrated Unitarian-Universalist Church, my child has a Negro classmate with whom she has developed a strong friendship. The friend's father is a university professor, honored in his profession, chosen to assist in the planning of the 1960 White House Conference on Youth. But when his daughter comes to see my daughter, they do not go to the corner drugstore. I am not sure what would happen, and so I keep making excuses when asked point-blank, "May we go?"

"You are too sudden," I am told, "Don't try to change things overnight." Eighteen sixty to nineteen sixty: "sudden"? Nineteen fifty-four to nineteen sixty: "deliberate speed"? Our spokesmen say that others do not understand our problems. What is there to understand in a plan to give up all schools rather than admit one Negro child to one "white" school? Substitute "Hungarian and Russian" for "Negro and white," and would we call it democracy? Substitute "Jew and German" for "Negro and white;" would we call it democracy?

No matter how big our other problems are, we evidently feel that none is as great as accepting the fact of certain children's sitting down together to learn.

"Liberty and justice for all!"

In a federal court I listened to the judge announce that, by his order, henceforth there were to be no more white and Negro schools in Atlanta. But the fact remains that all the Negroes are assigned to certain schools and all whites to other schools, and all the teachers end up in the same fashion. Even as we talk of possible desegregation,

we speak in terms of a Negro child's asking for a transfer to a "white" school, though the judge has said there are no specifically white schools any more.

Week in and week out, at luncheon meetings we salute the flag and pledge "liberty and justice for all." We do not have to meet the eyes of the Negro waiters, who are standing in the back, for our eyes are looking forward at the flag.

Vicious circle

While we meet and eat, we are likely to endorse crash programs to improve the facilities and the treatment of our mentally ill, who are increasing in numbers each year. Yet how can we avoid split personalities, delusions of grandeur, flights from reality as individuals when we indulge in them as a society?

I have sat in the gallery of the state capitol and listened to the governor (several governors, in fact) and the legislators repeat, like a broken record, "We will never—never—never—" And I have wondered, What are they afraid of? Is it just habit? Do they think this is what is expected of them by the people? And do the people, hearing their officials, think the safe thing to do is to repeat after them, each following the other, round and round like a dog chasing his tail?

Another Southerner

I am weary of the chase. I can no longer live with my own silence. I am tired of wondering what the neighbors will think. I would declare to the whole world, including my neighbors, that from my point of view democracy is a serious and wonderful thing, that it must be lived as well as believed in, that the game of "I don't mind, but I thought you did" is a vicious circle that binds and restricts and stunts minds and hearts, that if to thine own self thou art not true, thou canst not then be true to any man.

There is another Southerner whose view I would accept as my own. That Southerner is George Washington. The words are "Let us raise a standard to which the wise and honest can repair." The standard is the Constitution of the United States

IDEAS FOR/FROM IDEAL CLUBS

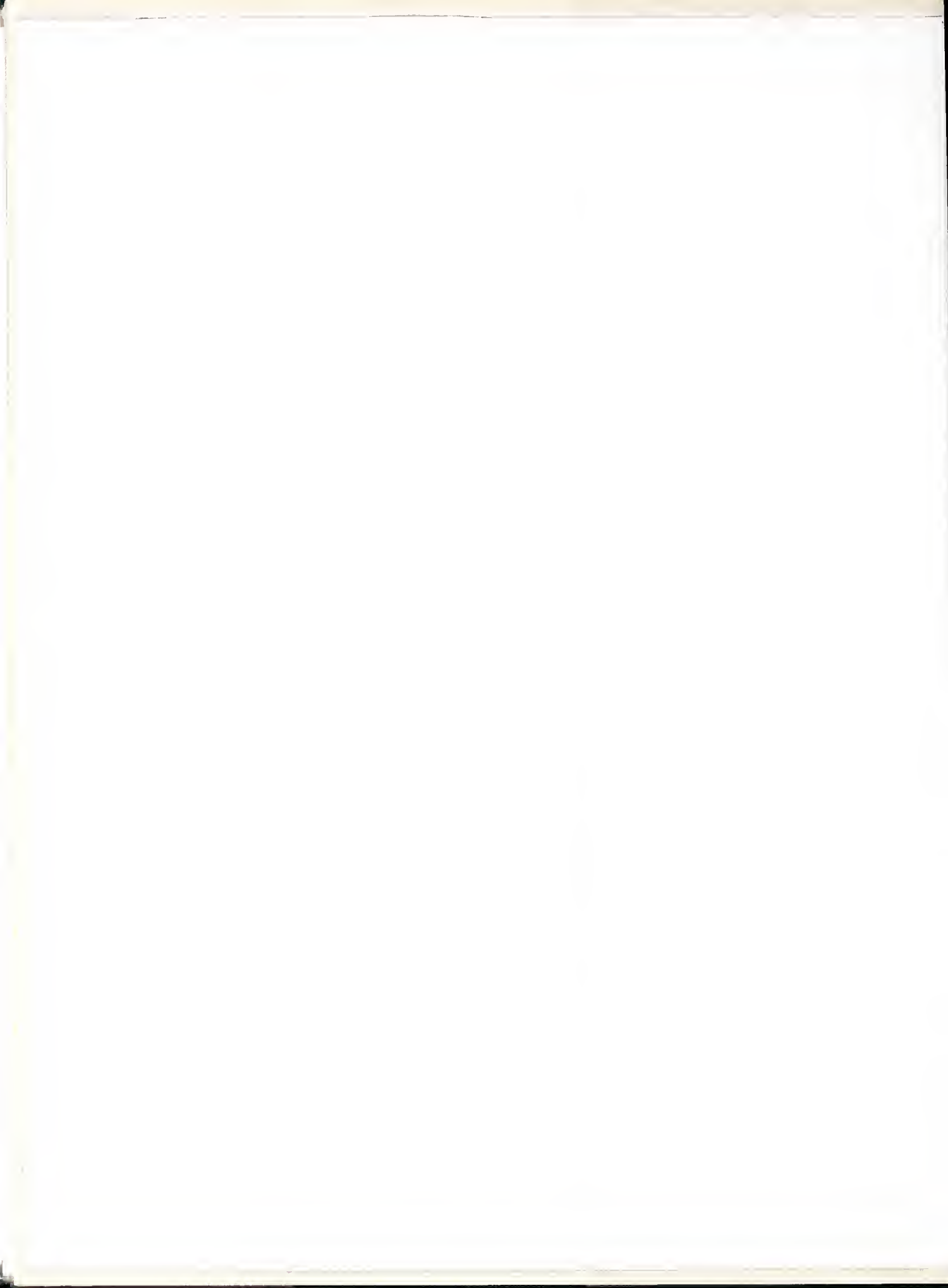
► PROSPECTIVE STUDENTS—From coke parties to tours of the campus . . . *Baton Rouge* and *Chattanooga* invite prospective students and their mothers to a tea and show slides of the campus . . . *Birmingham* entertains prospective students at a coffee during the Christmas holidays when the current students could join them . . . *Charlotte* and *Lynchburg* plan a send off party in September for all students, using upperclassmen as speakers . . . *Marietta* brings prospective students for planned visit to campus . . . *Shreveport* honors prospective and current students with a tea during holidays.

► PROGRAMS—From fashion shows to tours of food plants . . . *Anderson, S. C.*, *Greenville, S. C.*, and *Nashville, Tenn.* plan Founder's Day programs using records, slides, and tapes from Alumnae Office . . . *Atlanta* Club has series of meetings using "Quality Education" as theme, including a tea honoring Agnes Scott's Quality Education faculty . . . *Southwest Atlanta* Club entertains husbands and families at annual picnic . . . *New Orleans* and *Baton Rouge* have joint meeting with Dr. Walter Posey as speaker . . . *Birmingham* hears alumna trustee Mary Wallace Kirk '11 . . . *Columbia, S. C.* celebrates Founder's Day with Miss Leslie Gaylord as speaker . . . *Decatur* schedules varied programs including a fashion show by an alumna and a lecture by Agnes Scott's astronaut, W. A. Calder . . . *Hampton-Newport News, Va.* invites regional vice-president Kathleen Buchanan Cabell '47 as their Founder's Day speaker . . . *Jacksonville* invites husbands to dinner meeting and hears Ann Worthy Johnson . . . *Los Angeles* turns out in large numbers to hear Dr. Ernest Colwell, president of the Southern California School of Theology and husband of Annette Carter Colwell '27 . . . Alumnae in *New York* area give bon voyage party for Dr. Catherine S. Sims . . . *Richmond* has Lila McGeachy Ray '59, former president of Student Government, speak at luncheon meeting . . . *Westchester-Fairfield* plans a field trip through General Foods, Inc. kitchens in Whites Plains and employee Rowena Runnette Garber '29 speaks . . . *Washington, D. C.* plans Founder's Day luncheon with Dr. Sims as speaker . . . *Valley Club* of Virginia makes great plans for meeting with Dean C. Benton Kline and snowstorm cancels all.

► PROJECTS—From rummage sales to tours of West Point . . . *Atlanta-Decatur* Club sponsors benefit bridge and contributes \$50 to Alumnae Fund . . . *Atlanta Northside* Club publishes first yearbook that included directions to all meeting places as well as club roster . . . *Atlanta Southwest* Club sells Easter eggs and contributes \$10 to Alumnae Fund . . . *Charlotte* makes donation of \$27.50 to Alumnae Fund . . . *Decatur* contributes \$50 from dues for use in furnishing the Alumnae House . . . *New Orleans* has rummage sale and adds \$160 to their scholarship fund . . . *Westchester-Fairfield* sponsors trip to West Point, sells Williamsburg candles and soap and increases scholarship fund \$70.

► PROGRESSIVE STEPS—from meetings with Emory alumni to organization of two alumnae in Wyoming . . . *Boston* and vicinity alumnae get together for a luncheon and come up-to-date on the College with records, viewbooks, etc. . . . *Greensboro, N. C.* organizes its own club and has Miss Scandrett as Founder's Day speaker . . . *Houston, Tex.* forms a club and immediately afterwards issues a newsletter to alumnae in the area telling plans . . . *Lincoln, Neb.* alumnae join the Emory alumnae for a meeting . . . *Orlando* and *Winter Park, Fla.* plan tea to meet Director of Alumnae Affairs . . . *Schenectady, N. Y.* alumnae plan a luncheon on their own . . . *Tampa-St. Petersburg* have very successful Founder's Day meeting . . . two alumnae in *Wyoming* (250 miles apart) meet and seek to find others in the West to join them.

During the past year programs, projects, and plans among alumnae clubs have shown remarkable progress, with increased interest and participation. The four regional vice-presidents of the Alumnae association are largely responsible for the success of this work in the approximately thirty-five clubs. These officers not only have assisted established clubs in program planning and organization, but have fostered and worked tirelessly with new clubs. Special kudos and appreciation go to Marybeth Little Weston '48, Kathleen Buchanan Cabell '47, Caroline Hodges Roberts '48, and Evelyn Baty Landis '40—regional vice-presidents of the Agnes Scott College Alumnae Association.





Worthy Notes

The Gentle Art of Being Tolerant of Intolerance

The morning mail, on the day I was reading proof on Eliza King Paschall '38's article, (see p. 18), brought copy of a letter to her from Helen Ridley Hartley '29, with a cover note to me. Helen suggests that a poll of alumnae on the integration issue would produce material for "a lively, spirited article for the Quarterly. No doubt there would be some squawks." I'm very willing for her letter to start such a poll, or at least start a flow of comment on Eliza's article.

Helen, writing to Eliza from her home in West Palm Beach, Fla., says. "It concerns me that more is not being done in this moral crisis by those who are *not* to borrow your phrase, lost souls. If the intelligent, liberal, moral, educated minority don't come forward to set an example to the benighted, where is leadership to come from? Most of us do what little we can . . . But it seems to me we who had the advantages of an education that has (we are always telling each other) superior to most in intellectual and moral quality—we have a clear obligation in the matter. If, as a body of educated women, we mostly agree that segregation is indefensible, it should be known. Think of the boost to the cause of integration if such an announcement could be made. If we're not agreed, then we'd better do a little missionary work among our own.

" . . . An issue of such importance in contemporary Southern life should not be brushed under the rug by such as we.' do you think? It's a challenge we can't duck and still lay claim to leadership among Southern colleges.

"I was proud to be an Agnes Scotter after reading your article."

With my own integrity at stake, I cannot, personally, refute this because I am another Helen, or Eliza, in this issue. But one of the dangers besetting those of our ilk is becoming intolerant of intolerance. I know alumnae who are staunch segregationists, but I cannot write from their viewpoint because I have not shared their inner

experience. I would be most happy to publish their statements, not for the sake of controversy itself but because one of my heart's desires is to see this magazine become truly a journal of opinion.

As Eliza points out in her article, one besetting sin for the South is having all the problems of human existence overshadowed by one. It saps the sort of psychic energy we should be using to crack other knotty ones. Margaret Mead's article in this issue (see p. 10), certainly delineates one which is of concern to educated women in our culture today—i.e. to Agnes Scott alumnae. What did you think of it?

Another area of concern for us, and one closely geared to that of Margaret Mead, is what kind of person the college graduate of 1960 is. In a series of articles Betsy Fancher, a reporter for *The Atlanta Constitution*, attempts a composite answer. She interviewed seniors in several Georgia institutions of higher learning, and her writing is both discerning and exciting. She describes the average graduate as apathetic, full of fear of committing himself/herself, to anything—or anybody since he/she hasn't learned how to care, facing life with the attitude that the best job is the one with the most fringe benefits. But Betsy finds, on some campuses, "a small core of the concerned, who this year have been operating quietly and decisively in the intellectual catacombs, working beneath the surface of utilitarianism, conformity and apathy, to widen the vision and embolden the hearts of 'the docile generation.'" About Agnes Scott students she says:

"And in a bull session at Agnes Scott College, a group of senior girls talk of passing on to their children: 'an openness to many experiences; the fact that you can love without trying to change; that the wise man knows he does not know; that every human being has the right to be respected.'"

Ann Worthy Johnson '38

1959-60 ALUMNAE FUND REPORT

Inst. 25%
Acad. 15%
1906-07 . . 88%
1908 50%
1909 44%

1910 . . . 100%
1911 54%
1912 75%
1913 79%
1914 47%
1915 35%
1916 39%
1917 43%
1918 32%
1919 43%

1920 34%
1921 41%
1922 40%
1923 34%
1924 . . . 43%
1925 31%
1926 34%
1927 39%
1928 37%
1929 36%

1930 36%
1931 . . . 43%
1932 26%
1933 29%
1934 26%
1935 36%
1936 36%
1937 33%
1938 41%
1939 39%

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1941 38%
1942 33%
1943 38%
1944 39%
1945 34%
1946 37%
1947 34%
1948 42%
1949 . . . 44%

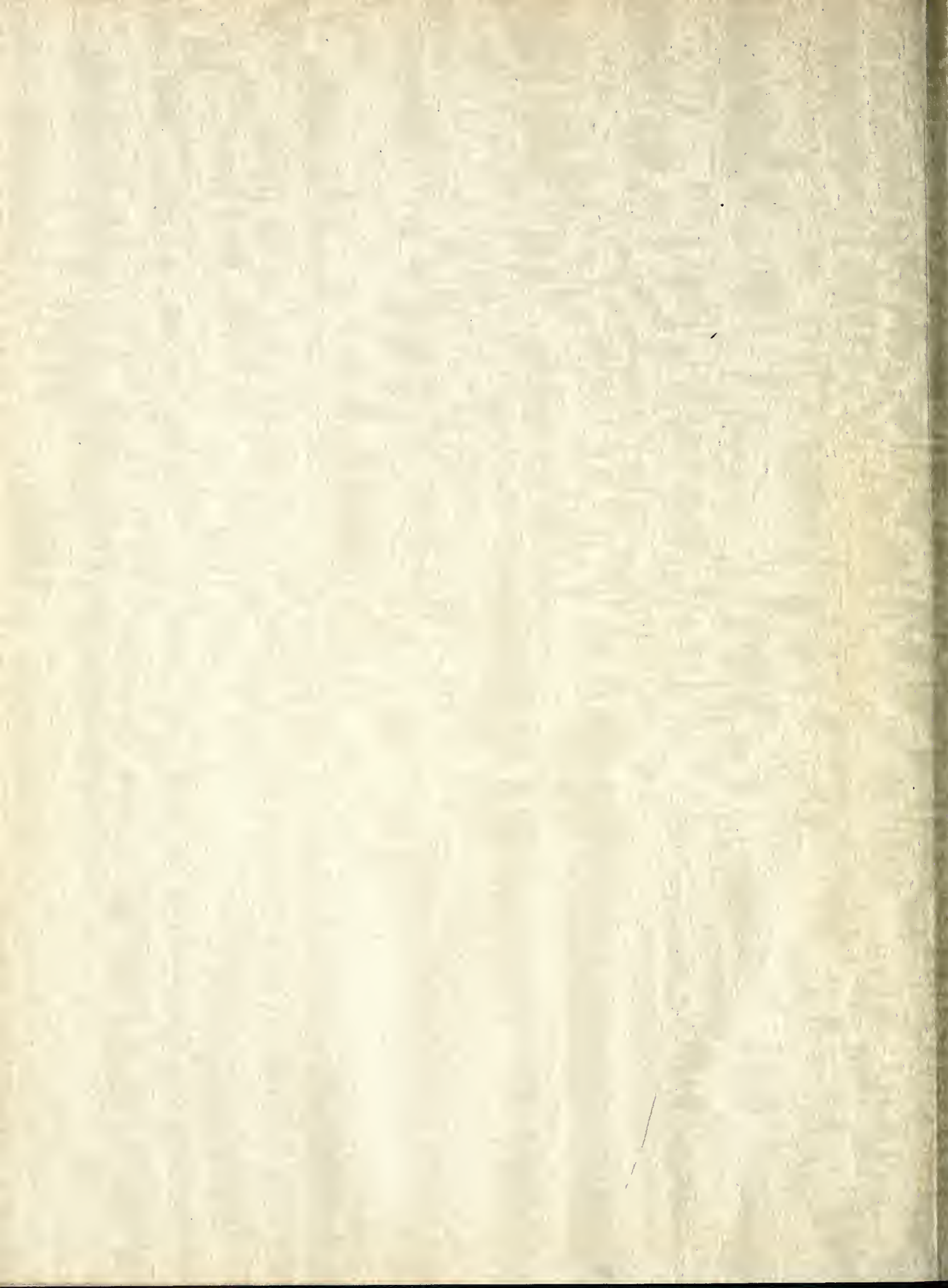
1950 43%
1951 45%
1952 43%
1953 57%
1954 55%
1955 43%
1956 . . . 72%
1957 56%
1958 46%

Above is the percentage of contributors by classes, based on the number of living graduates in each class. Bold face type indicates top class in each decade.

NUMBER OF CONTRIBUTORS 1,677 (23%)
Graduates . . . 1,480 (40%)
Non-Graduates . . 197

TOTAL CONTRIBUTIONS . . \$17,219.75
Unrestricted \$14,047.75
Restricted . . 3,172.00





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